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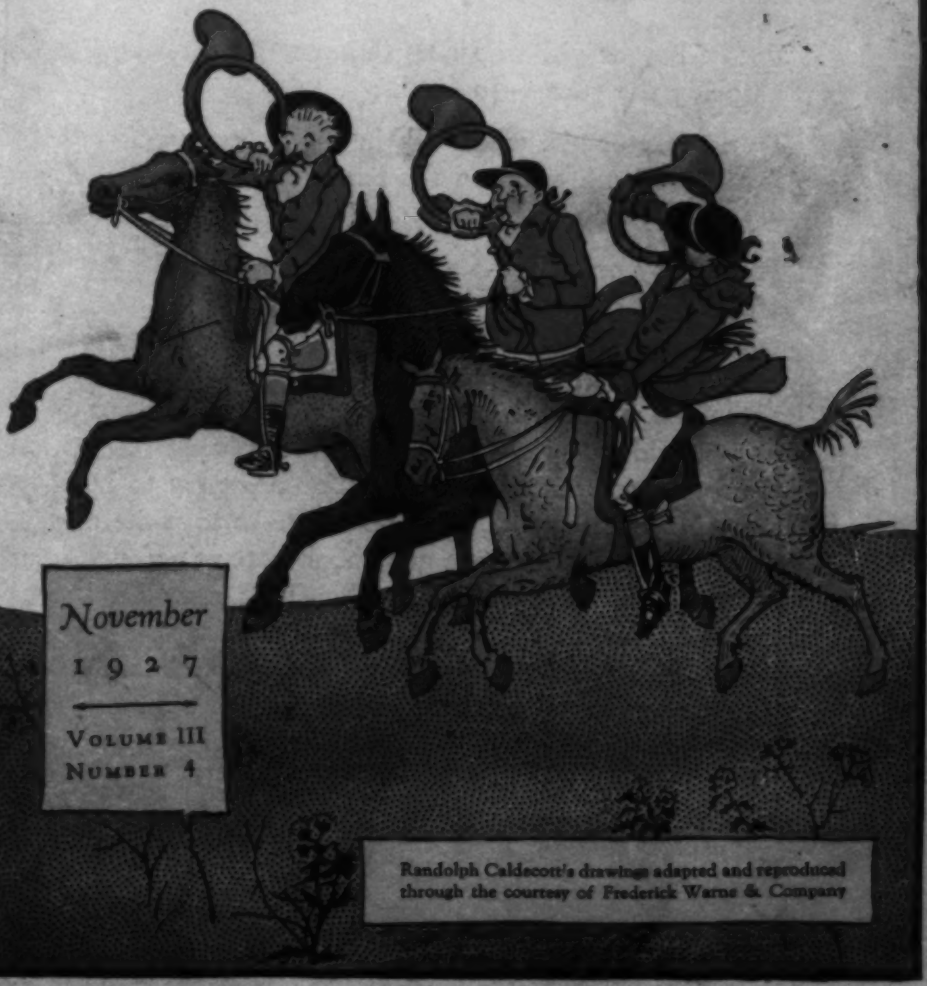

November
1927

VOLUME III
NUMBER 4

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!

THAT is what the red-coated hunters on the outside are blowing about this time. Prizes to be distributed every CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK!

YOU may enter this contest any time, but the sooner the better, for we are going to give the prizes, which will be *books,*

To the boy or girl who does the most good reading during the year — 10 books;

To the boy or girl who sends in the largest number of good book notes on the books read during the year — 5 books;

To the boy or girl who sends in *the best book note* during the year — 1 book.

IF you are reading a book now, as soon as you have finished it and while it is still very fresh in your mind, write down why it is you liked it or what there is about it that you did not like. You must try to be definite in your reasons. You do not have to write a great deal. You can write a good book note using only one hundred or two hundred words. That is the kind we want. Then mail it to The Horn Book, 270 Boylston Street, Boston. Next November, in Children's Book Week, we shall announce who has done the most reading, who has written the greatest number of good book notes, and who has written the very best book note of all.

THE HORN BOOK

Volume III NOVEMBER, 1927 *Number 4*

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RACHEL FIELD

See article on page 22

PRINTING ART IN THE NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Zoltan Haraszti,
Boston Public Library

From "Gay-Neck" (Dutton)

WHEN the Editor of this magazine kindly invited me to express my opinion about the printing, technical make-up and general appearance of some of the recent children's books, I felt rather flattered. But the pleasant warmth of that feeling soon gave way to a chill of fear. I was scared. I had to explain. Knowing that there is always something redeeming in an open confession, I did not try to conceal my complete ignorance of the subject. Yes, I am a librarian who finds some harmless pleasure in becomingly dressed books; but I have noticed that my interests are tending toward the antiquarian, and that I care mostly for old books, and even older manuscripts.

The excuses, however, were of no avail. My air of frankness must have militated against me, for the Editor assured me that, if the circumstances are such, my impressions will be certainly unbiassed, and that a statement of my fresh reactions is exactly what is most wanted for the magazine.

From "The Magic Pawnshop" (Dutton)

And so I will tell now about the experiences of a happy hour. For the task, as soon as I realized that it was inevitable, began to reveal to me its many delights. It was a joy to be among the Books for Children; my only regret is that, though I gazed much at the pictures, I had no chance to read the books themselves.

Was it through an instinct for the good (which is always in us) or was it merely by good luck that the first book which I picked out from the lot was *The Magic Pawnshop* (Dutton), a story by Rachel Field and decorated by Elizabeth MacKinstry? Of course, I know the work of Elizabeth MacKinstry; but I am firm in my conviction that I would have chosen her book even without her name. It was the binding that did it; the paper covers with the charming figures in red, black and blue against a soft yellow background. The cavalier standing in animated swagger with his drawn sword; the humble maid leaning against her trusted admirer, evidently a mailman; the brave little girl on the doorsteps of the pawnshop in the snowy evening; the strange woman with sorcerer's hat, riding on a broomstick—all these people are delightful. I may have misunderstood their meanings or relations, but there is no misunderstanding about the excellence of the drawing, and the balance of lines and colors. What seems first—it did to me at first glance—a bewildering confusion, falls instantly into a restful order.

From "The Magic Pawnshop" (Dutton)

There is art in this calculated arrangement, which is manifest throughout the book. The type is fine, black, but not heavy, suited to the page both in shape and size. Wherever one opens the book, the printing is impeccable. The inner margins are perhaps a whit too wide, but only after one flattens out the pages, and I am not sure if one should flatten out the pages at all. The decorations in the book are the same that we have met on the cover, but seeing them again with the text, in perfect placing on the pages and in the freshest of colors, they appear even more admirable. This is a little book, but it was built according to the best rules of the profession. It has both delicacy and strength. There is unity in its making, a quality in which most books are wanting. Symmetry . . . *symétrie mystérieuse et solennelle.* I catch myself murmuring Baudelaire's beautiful paradox.

The Adventures of Andy (Doran) by Margery Williams Bianco is a very different book—though also a very attractive one. Its distinctive feature is its riotous illustrations by Léon Underwood. What an orgy of fantastic colors, of splashes of green and black and yellow! A huge black wolf carrying between his teeth the delicate figure of a girl; the strange adventures of the same young lady while bathing in the shallow waters of the ocean; her gay promenading in an airship over the straggling houses; a last-minute escape from some sort of new fix through the help of an eagle—there is an abundance of imagination in these paintings. For that is what they are—real paintings. This broad handling of the brush is unusual in book illustration. There is hardly enough room for the figures, and the colors almost overflow. But this lack of restraint gives a feeling of richness; it certainly has a charm. I wonder how well the children will like these sophisticated pictures? They may find them queer, but also exciting; they will be drawn to them and thus their artistic merit will not be lost.

The printing of the book is good, with simple but well-cut type. The lines, however, seem rather short for the length of the pages; with the running-title the page measures six and a half inches (without the page number), while its width is only a little over three and a half inches. This results in a certain stiffness—a strange contrast to the abandon of the pictures. Typographically the openings of the chapters are the best; each chapter starts with a pen-and-ink drawing, and thus the rigidity of the printed page is broken up. The binding continues the contrast. It is of cloth, and its modest green color little suggests the maze of jungle which follows on the lining.

The Skin Horse (Doran) is another book by Margery Williams Bianco. Of all these stories this is the one which I wish to read most, so very appealing are the pictures by Pamela Bianco. There is nothing here to shock anybody. One loves the sick child instantly, with his skinny horse which, with wings sprung, will carry him at last to his rest. A humble book, without pretensions. Its best quality lies in its simplicity.

The Lion-Hearted Kitten (Macmillan) by Peggy Bacon has —as may be expected—far more energy in its outfit. But it is an uneven book. The type is excellent; it stands out boldly on the paper, the italic of the running-title softening its strength.

From "The Lion-Hearted Kitten"
(Macmillan)

The margins are in good proportion and the two pages make a faultless unit. Unfortunately, one seldom gets two printed pages side by side; altogether too many white pages have been left. The large illustrations are on a glossy paper and, of course, one could not print on the reverse of these. But why leave whole pages with their backs open for the small woodcuts which are printed on the text paper? If uniformity was the purpose, I wish that the large illustrations had been left out entirely. As drawings they are not bad, but the insertion of glazed paper is always an offence in a well-made book. One could better enjoy without them the consummate little woodcuts—wolves, bears, jaguars, monkeys, alligators—which in their distinctness of lines and in their happy distribution of black and white have the clarity of the copperplate.

A few more words about the cover of this book. The binding, of bluish cloth, is certainly strong. It will satisfy every one who thinks that strength is the chief virtue in children's books. Children as a rule are not distinguished by a meticulous care for their books, and thus provision must be made for tear and wear, but it is a mistake to sacrifice attractiveness to mere endurance. Let the text-books be bound in lasting cloth, in material that is perennial like duty; but the children's books are for enjoyment and their delicacy is part of their charm. Khaki suits have commendable qualities, but they seldom convey the thrills of holidays.

Of course, this is not meant to damn all cloth-bindings in a single breath. They may fit admirably well, lending not only strength to the book, but also enhancing its beauty. Such is the case in the two books before me: *Gay-Neck* (Dutton) by

Dhan Gopal Mukerji and *The Wind That Wouldn't Blow* (Dutton) by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Instead of plainness, the bindings impart here warmth and variety. Both books have black and white decorations only, and the purple cover with golden lettering on the one, and the orange yellow binding on the other are welcome additions. Boris Artzybasheff has illustrated the book of the Hindu writer. His initials and tailpieces —elephants, monkeys, strange birds—are extremely well-cut; they are precise without dryness. There is fluid imagination in his simplest geometrical designs. The large drawings, each covering two pages, are masterpieces. This is a very pleasing book. Printing and decoration (here, too, the word "decoration" might be used) are harmonious. The pages are airy, though the printed matter may appear a trifle short. Chrisman's book is full of exquisite silhouettes, cut by Else Hasselriis. The stories are about Chinese folk, and I am sure that the choice of yellowish paper was not merely an accident. It certainly stands well for the subject. There is an intimate touch to this

From "Gay-Neck" (Dutton)

From "Children of the Mountain Eagle" (Doubleday)

simple, unassuming book. Its success goes to prove that good qualities may be attained at little expense.

Distance has its magic, and at a certain age every child dreams of foreign countries. There are here enough books with such outlandish subjects. *Canute Whistlewinks* (Longmans, Green & Co.) has perhaps the most distinguished appearance among them. How good it is to rest the eyes on these comfortable large types! The illustrations, by Frank McIntosh, are triumphs of the graphic art. Such books make the grown-up envious. Different is the type used in *Children of the Mountain Eagle* (Doubleday, Page & Co.) by Elizabeth Cleveland Miller; but this book was written for a more advanced grade. It is in good taste, without extravagance. The illustrations—half Albanian, half Hungarian—by Maud and Miska Petersham possess a naïve humor, and also romance. *The Pale Mountains* (Minton, Balch & Co.) and *The Magic Tooth* (Little, Brown & Co.) are somewhat conventional. The drawings by Anne Merriman Peck in *The Pale Mountains* lose effectiveness by being printed on cheap, inserted paper, though I hope the children will not be bothered by this defection. At any rate, there is compensation in the good printing. *The Magic Tooth* has only one signal fault, and that is its frontispiece. The numerous full-page illustrations in black and white by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis may not have an incisive power, but they are not without loveliness.

The hour is over, and as I pause here, shame comes creeping over me. I should not have talked with all that show of authority. . . . But, then, I warned the reader at the beginning, and if he has fallen a victim to my blunders, he has nobody to blame.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

Field. THE MAGIC PAWNSHOP (Dutton), $2.25
Bianco. THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY (Doran), $3.00
THE SKIN HORSE (Doran), $1.50
Bacon. THE LION-HEARTED KITTEN (Macmillan), $2.00
Mukerji. GAY-NECK (Dutton), $2.25
Chrisman. THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW (Dutton), $2.50
Olcott. CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS (Longmans), $2.50
Miller. CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE (Doubleday), $2.00
Wolff. THE PALE MOUNTAINS (Minton), $2.50
Eells. THE MAGIC TOOTH (Little), $2.00

WENTY-FIVE OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF THE FALL AND SPRIN

Decorated Letters from "Gay-Neck" Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff (Dutton)

Theodore Acland Harper. **Siberian Gold.**

In collaboration with Winifred Harper. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. *Doubleday* $2.00

Stephen Wyld, a young engineer with several years of hard work behind him, is chosen by his chief for a difficult piece of work.

"Think a moment—it'll be dangerous work, some of it, because foreigners are not liked, and the Chenovnik, or Cabinet official on the spot—a man named Grubof—has tried to block me at every turn. He won't make things easier for you than he can help. Then if you go, you may have to be there a long time. You must learn Russian and live with the peasants, and if there is trouble you must stick. There is sure to be trouble," he added; "that part of the world makes trouble right along—it's got the habit."

In spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties—a vast and unexplored territory networked by secret trails made by hishniks or gold-thieves, dangerous outlaws, hostile and domineering Cossacks with their diabolical plots—Stephen Wyld held on and established his mining operations. Joan Fielding, his chief's daughter, comes in for a large share of the danger. We have in this book more than a skillfully handled and exciting story of adventure and achievement, for there is its remarkably vivid and richly pervading setting, against which the characters of peasant and Cossack are presented so truly and convincingly that we know such a book must have grown out of the author's own experience. Particularly appealing is the friendship between Peter, the small son of a hishnik, and Stephen Wyld, his "Barin," or master.

Anne Casserley. **Michael of Ireland.**

Illustrated by the author. *Harper* $1.50

Michael was a fortunate little boy, even though he belonged to "nobody at all in the world." He was far from lonely, for there

were the kind old Apple Woman, the Flanagan Pig, the Youngest Goat, the Leprechaun, the Giant of the Mountain, and many other friends who made his days full of fun and unexpected happenings. His animal friends are particularly absorbing, for there never was a pig like the Flanagan Pig for boasting; and as for the Grey Hare, he had to go down to his dark kitchen and thump with his heels on the floor, and think very hard before he could give advice; and Marley, the hen, was "not at all clever, but in some ways very sensible," and she saved the Apple Woman from misfortune. These stories have the flavor of the old folk tale and should be read and re-read for their simplicity, spontaneity, and humor.

The Apple Woman

Dhan Gopal Mukerji. **Gay-Neck: the Story of a Pigeon.** Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. *Dutton* $2.00

Chitra-Griva is the real name by which the pigeon is known at home in India, and here in America both artist and publisher have expressed the real meaning of that name—painted in many colors—in the splendor of the make-up of the book itself. The clear black decorations emphasize the spirit of daring and achievement which is the keynote of all of Gay-Neck's adventures. We find our own spirits soaring as we follow Gay-Neck, the Iridescent-Throated, on his many flights. Now from the housetops of Dentam in India, now to the homeland of the eagles in the Himalayas, and even amid the circling airplanes of nations at war. Again we have rare descriptions of the wild life in silent places. We are stirred by sights and sounds. Here is more than just a simple story of a pigeon's training and adventuring, for Gay-Neck is truly a carrier pigeon, a bearer of messages, and his messages are words of courage from the wisdom of the Lama.

From "Peppi the Duck"

Rhea Wells. **Peppi the Duck.**

Illustrated by the author. *Doubleday* $2.00

Peppi was an adventurous duck who lived in the courtyard of an old castle in the Tyrolean Alps. There were not many of the doings at home or abroad, even as far away as the market-place of the town, that Peppi did not poke his inquisitive little yellow head into, and this yellow head of his was full of funny ideas. He even thought of being a soldier when he grew up, and wearing shiny boots and breeches with red stripes! He and Franz, the gardener's son, were good friends, and for that reason Peppi escaped the fate of being roasted. The book is full of fun, and there are many, many pictures of Peppi, and of Franz and the people of the countryside in their gay costumes.

Walter R. Brooks. **To and Again.**

With illustrations by Adolfo Best-Maugard. *Knopf* $2.00

"The barnyard was silent as they formed in a line and marched out through the gate into the road that stretched away like a long, white ribbon to far distant Florida." First came Jinx, the cat, with his tail held straight up in the air like a drum-major's stick. Then came Freddy, the pig, who was very clever and made up songs to sing to shorten the road. After him walked Hank, the horse, Mrs. Wiggin, the cow, and the two white ducks, Alice and Emma. The four mice, Eek, Quik, Eeny, and Cousin Augustus, ran along the side of the road so that they would not get stepped on. These were Mr. Bean's animals, who had decided to go South for the winter, just the way the birds do. It was a new idea and Charles, the rooster, who was really responsible for the plan, was detained at home by his wife, Henrietta, who had put her foot down on *his* going. However, he and Henrietta caught up with the party before

they had gone very far, for Henrietta relented. It was a long road winding to Florida, and there were many adventures—so many, indeed, that one wonders how they ever went "to and again" safely, and especially how they got the best of the man with the black moustache and the dirty-faced boy, and how they succeeded in bringing back the bag of gold pieces to Mr. Bean. It is a story worth reading, if only to make the acquaintance of good, sensible Mrs. Wiggin, and Freddy, the pig of spirit, who had a flare for poetry.

Louise Connolly. **Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family.**
Illustrated. *Macmillan* $2.00

It is a happy thing that a rare personality can go on delighting and enriching the world after the life of its owner has ceased. And life is short! Such a personality is Mrs. Chatterbox, little five-year-old Blanche Williams, who lived in Washington in the years after the Civil War when horse cars ran, and children picked eggs at Easter time, and sometimes lost their shoes in red mud when crossing the street after rain.

Some days when Blanche woke up in the morning she was Mrs. Knickerbocker, and spoke in a voice thin and shrill; some days she was Mrs. Tarbox, with a voice deep and loud; and always and ever she was Mrs. Chatterbox, with a continuous flow of quaint Southern words and original, childlike imaginings. Here is the story of the everyday doings of a little girl who was energy personified, who had a vigorous honesty, and who felt intensely what most people feel only mildly. Her experiences with her little friends, Mary Grace and Henrietta; with her cat, Zebedee; with the kind, fat cook, Columbia Ann, and Shady, the cook's daughter, whose real name was Shadrack Meshack Abednego Craig Johnson; with her sister Susie, thirteen years old and one of the dearest girls in a book or out—all cannot fail to interest little girls of Blanche's age. But as was suggested in the beginning, the book's appeal is universal because the entire Williams family is there—real people full of intelligence and charm and humor whom it is a delight to visit and revisit.

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.
The Cat and the Captain.
Illustrated by Gertrude Kaye.
Macmillan $1.00

"Praise be! Hallelujah!" sings Susannah, and so do we all of us, for here is a really jolly story for the youngest readers. It comes in the Little Library and is well sprinkled with pictures. The Cat is spelt with a capital C because he is such an important cat in his

own estimation. The Captain is spelt with a capital C because he is such a dear old captain and everybody loves him; and Susannah—well Susannah, with her funny little songs, is a great botheration to our hero, the Cat, for, of course, the Cat is the hero. He makes trouble for Susannah, who doesn't love him, and he makes trouble for the Captain, who does love him, but every one, even Susannah, has to admit at the end that he *is* a good cat, a very good cat indeed!

Hendrik Van Loon. **America.**

Boni $5.00

Here we have a master designer of the Outline Story applying his pattern to the historical life of our own country. It becomes a story for every American to read to his profit. No reader will be left in a passive state of mind. There will be some who will find ideas to quarrel with, and some who will have prejudice to conquer, but there will be many who will discover ideas new to them, that show up cause and effect with a swiftness almost volcanic. What a product it is of a twentieth century man-engine! More than one reader will have the sensation that comes with the turning on of a strong searchlight—illuminating, baffling, and almost blinding, but a goal at last. This is a book for the Younger Generation, for the story of the future is in their hands.

Caroline Dale Snedeker. **Downright Dencey.**
With illustrations by Maginel Wright Barney.

Doubleday $2.00

The scene of this story is Nantucket more than one hundred years ago, when Tom Coffyn, Dencey's father, went off on long voyages and was gone for years at a time. His returns were the occasions of great rejoicing, and the opening of his sea-chest with a present for every one was a thrilling event for Dencey and her boy cousins. All Dencey's childhood was divisioned by her father's returns, for there was a great love and understanding between them; but in his absences she grew up in Quaker Nantucket. In spite of or because of the "Squelchin' Committee," which caused Judy Swain's larkspurs

to be pulled up because they were *too* blue, and other severities of convention, Dencey had a conscience which demanded forgiveness from Sammie Jetsam, a shy, starved waif who lived with Injun Joe far out on the Commons, whom she had hurt with a stone. From the moment of this accident Dencey was "under concern" for him, and he was her responsibility up to the time he goes off to sea begging her to "wait" for him until he returns. This is an extraordinarily good story, in which Mrs. Snedeker's skill in creating atmosphere and in character drawing is at its best.

Elizabeth Cleveland Miller. **Children of the Mountain Eagle.** Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham.
Doubleday $2.00

The children of the Mountain Eagle are Bor, little daughter of Gjok, and Marash, son-of-Palok; and the Mountain Eagle is the emblem of the mountain tribes of Albania, those hardy tribes, sometimes hostile among themselves, but standing as blood brothers, side by side, against their common enemy the Turk. This story gives an intimate picture of the home life high up in the mountain passes, sometimes when the snows are heavy, and sometimes when the swollen streams tumble and rush across the trails. Bor and Marash take the sheep over the hillsides, go to the bazaar at Skodra, go to school far down in the valley, and take a long journey to the other side of the Drin River, where they make an exciting crossing on a raft of wickerwork kept up by goatskin air-bags. It is hard for Bor and Marash to learn to read and write, but it is easy for them to sing, and their songs are ones that their fathers sing sitting by the fire with their guests, tribe songs that tell of brave men in battle and glorious deeds of blood brothers. "Glory to your mouth!" is the form in which thanks are given the singer. However, when it comes to rendering a service to the Mountain Eagle, Marash is glad that he has learned to make markings on paper.

Charles J. Finger. **Tales Worth Telling.**
Illustrations by Paul Honoré. *Century* $3.50

Like "Tales from Silver Lands," this book is a collection of strange and wonderful tales gleaned from many places, and told the author by guides, herders, ship's cooks, or boatmen, as he traveled or camped with them. Some have their roots in South American and Mexican folklore, and others in African, Serbian, Norwegian, and Irish. They are, indeed, tales worth telling, and Mr. Finger's style is so rich in imagery and so flowing in style that one feels that he must himself be the good wizard Mulu-Nugu, whose fortune it was to wield the magic paint-stick, which had caught the hues of the rainbow, the azure of the sky, the silver of the mist, and the gray of the cloud, and was able to create a living, vivid world of color and romance.

The make-up of the book is after the fashion of "Tales from Silver Lands," published by Doubleday, Page, which received the Newbery Medal in 1925 for its distinction and literary merit.

Cornelia Meigs. **The Trade Wind.**
With illustrations by Henry Pitz. *Little Brown* $2.00

In 1773 David Dennison, eighteen-year-old son of Amos Dennison, sea captain and merchant, found himself hurled into a series of events that took him out of the quiet counting-house onto a sailing ship and off on an errand on which his father had gone and never returned. Because their ship was a marked ship, and word of it had gone out through the British islands of the Caribbean warning merchants not to buy their cargo, they were forced to seek "the broad blue highroad of the trade winds" in order to dispose of it. Captain Bardwell said, "It may not seem the straightest of roads; but it should lead us in the end to the service of our country. Of that I am certain." And so it did, for after many remarkable happenings they returned with a quantity of guns meant for British use in the colonies, and through their achievements and good fortune placed in the hands of the colonists themselves.

This is the book which was awarded the $2,000 prize in the contest held by Little Brown & Company for a new addition to their Beacon Hill Bookshelf.

Grace Moon. **Nadita (Little Nothing).**
Illustrated by Carl Moon. *Doubleday* $2.00

"From far-away lands the south wind blew
And brought me a tale that is strange and new;
A tale full of spices and music and flowers,
And many adventures to fill the hours,
And quaint, happy people who live there, too—
And
now
I am telling the tale to you!"

And the tale that follows is of Mexico, and is indeed full of spices such as season the stew in Pancho's big pot over the little charcoal fire, and of music such as Pancho sings to the hum of the potter's wheel. Flowers fill the garden that Nadita creeps into secretly to play—oleanders and magnolias in blossom, bougainvillea vines, and fringed orchids hanging from the trees like butterflies. And adventures—such adventures! Things happen suddenly to Nadita, and frequently, and amazingly. She is turned out into the world, Nadita, Little Nothing, and she finds a puppy, friends, a treasure, and finally her own name, for she is not "Little Nothing" after all.

Zacharias Topelius. **Canute Whistlewinks and Other Stories.** Translated from the Swedish by C. W. Foss. Selected and edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. *Longmans* $2.50

These traditional stories of Finland and its people are told with simplicity and real beauty. Each story has such nice bits of description of the country that one hopes that some young boys and girls of Finnish parents will read the book aloud in their homes. The magic of kindness, the mystery and power and charm of Nature, festivities attending Midsummer Night, when the sun rises almost as soon as set, and Christmas Eve—these are some of the themes. At least two of the stories, "Sampo Lappelill" and "The Birch and the Star," are in other collections, but this book is specially attractive in make-up with pictures of unusual interest by Frank McIntosh. The other stories are: The Little Birds' Christmas Feast; The Princess Lindengold; Unda Marina's Silver Cup; The Gift of the Sea King; "Aha!" said Pekka; Unda Marina's Footprints; Star Eye, Sky High and Cloud Beard; When the Bright Sun Rises; Adalmina's Pearl; The Raspberry Worm; The Boy Who Heard the Silent Speak; The Trolls' Christmas; The Last of the Frost Giants; The Bird that Sings.

Dorothy Rowe. **The Moon's Birthday and Other Stories of Chinese Children.** With illustrations by K'O Shuang-Shou and Ma Tzu-Yu. *Macmillan* $1.50

The author of "The Rabbit Lantern" has continued with nine more stories of little Chinese boys and girls in the delights of their

parties and festivals. The Moon has a birthday, and the children choose their gay lanterns to float on the shining water at the Palace of the Northern Sea in its honor. Little Shih Te has a birthday feast and a shadow play. The Kitchen God has a party with sugar cakes when he goes on his journey to the sky, and, best of all, Lu Deh makes a party for the Rich People Who Watch, with the help of his Grandpa, who does magic tricks. These are simple stories, but the eyes of the excited children seem to sparkle from every page, and make them come alive.

Forrestine C. Hooker. **Civilizing Cricket: a Story for Girls.** Illustrations by Leslie Crump. *Doubleday* $2.00

Cricket was sent to Philadelphia to live with "Mom" and "Auntie Green," for her father and mother decided she was leading too wild a life with her dog and her pony and her outdoor escapades at Fort Concho, Texas, where her father was stationed. Even in the quiet, refined atmosphere of old Philadelphia, where life, in strict accordance with the Ten Commandments, was still running in the well-ordered ruts made by the preceding generations, Cricket was able to create a stir with her unexpected and original doings. She and Carrie, her best friend, played together, shared their birthdays, and buried their broken toys with great ceremony in the yard. It was hard for Cricket to conform to civilized ways, but gentle, white-capped, understanding "Mom," her grandmother, did much to smooth out her difficulties.

Cricket is Mrs. Hooker herself in her childhood days, and we find her beginning her story-making at an early age, even with that ill-fated composition that the teacher called "a mass of rambling words that tell about crazy ideas." Fortunately for us, Cricket was not discouraged, but, urged on by as famous a person as Weir Mitchell himself, she continued her "scribbling," until she now has given us another unusual and delightful story of a lively Cricket.

From "Canute Whistlewinks." (Longmans)

Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. **The Winged Horse: the Story of Poetry and the Poets.** Decorations by Paul Honoré. *Doubleday* $2.50

From the beginning man has been busily building a glorious castle of magnificent images which all of us may enjoy if we will. And not only enjoy, but find in its manifold rooms the food which our heart most needs. This castle is the castle of poetry built by poets who are prophets and teachers, as well as musicians, and we in America have much to learn of them. It was our own poet, Walt Whitman, who builded a new, beautiful great room in the castle, looking widely over the fields and woods and sea, and deeply into human hearts and life. He it was, too, who felt that our United States had been "endowed with a vast and more thoroughly appointed body, and left with little or no soul." "But he sang proudly of the souls men *could* have in a land like America if they were willing to develop themselves," and he saw democracy as something greater than every one having more and a few having less; he saw it as "the rich expression of life for every man or woman."

The work of the masters on this castle from the very earliest times down through the Anglo-Saxon world to the present poet-builders, the authors of "The Winged Horse" have described in their book. They have shown how some poets chose to decorate the room of a previous builder; how others felt dissatisfied with the form already standing and wrought in a new way, but always one was related in some way to another, and so the entire edifice has unity.

"The Winged Horse" makes the castle stand forth in all its richness and beauty; makes clear why Shakespeare builded his way; what type of man he was; and what he tried for and accomplished. And the same with each great name, whether it be Homer, Virgil, or Euripides; Chaucer, Spenser, or Milton; Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Byron; Burns, Scott, or Tennyson; Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Rossetti, or Morris; Yeats, Masefield, or Kipling; we see them at work in their own time and place, and their contribution stands clear. The book, moreover, is beautifully written, as a book on poetry should be, and has itself what a poet's work has—"the best merits of fortifying and encouraging."

Eleanor Farjeon. **Italian Peepshow and Other Tales.** Illustrated by Rosalind Thornycroft. *Stokes* $2.50

A mosaic-like collection of fanciful stories full of the gaiety and color of Italy in carnival time and of delightfully irresponsible happenings in which three children living in a villa overlooking Florence discover with their aunt much of the true charm of their surroundings. There are old tales interwoven with new ones, and through them all runs the romantic spirit of the Seventh Princess, whose hair was cropped close to her head like a boy's, and who ran away from "the Prince of the World and the palace to the hills and the river

and the meadows and the markets," and the Pigeon and the Ragged Servant went with her.

Carl Felix Wolff. **The Pale Mountains: Folk Tales from the Dolomites.** Authorized English translation by Francesca La Monte, with drawings by Anne Merriman Peck.
Minton Balch $2.50

These fairy tales are steeped in the atmosphere of the beautiful region from which they have sprung. They reflect its crystal lakes, its black crags, its bowl-shaped valleys, its green meadows, and its pale mountains tinted with a soft Alpine glow. In each elf-maidens, water spirits, witches, magicians, giants, or forest folk escape from the realms of Nature and mingle with the mountain people. They make a valuable contribution to folklore, for they have been handed down from generation to generation, becoming more and more flavored with the history and environment of these almost forgotten people, the Ladini.

Gertrude Crownfield. **Alison Blair.**
Illustrated by George M. Richards. *Dutton* $2.00

From a quiet and peaceful spot in England Alison Blair ventures with her father, Dr. Matthew Blair, to the New World. It was in the year 1755, and the New World was not a quiet and peaceful spot. Dr. Blair dies on the voyage out and Alison is handed over by the captain of the ship to a servant of Captain Walter Butler, a blood cousin of her mother, who lives in the Mohawk country. Through bad fortune immediately upon landing, she encounters young Walter Butler, the cruel, good-for-nothing grandson of Captain Butler, who begins at once to plot for her unhappiness. He is the evil spirit of the book, and succeeds so well in his mischief-making that Alison goes through much misunderstanding and hardship, even to the extent of being carried off by Indians. Through the friendship of General William Johnson, who was then at the height of his influence over the Indians, Alison is saved. The story has much to do with the Confederacy of the Five Nations, and Alison is present at the Battle of Lake George, where her skill in caring for the wounded makes her of real assistance.

Peggy Bacon. **The Lion-Hearted Kitten.**
Illustrated by the author. *Macmillan* $2.00

Eleven short stories that young children will like because they are about animals who are sometimes clever, sometimes stupid, but almost always adventurous. Here you will meet the bravest kitten, the cleverest fish, the gloomiest hippopotamus, the most mischievous monkey, and the silliest woodpecker you ever met anywhere, and these are not all. Only the silly baby woodpecker came to a bad end, and that was because he mistook a giraffe's neck for a tree

trunk, a turtle for a piece of bark, and a snake for a tree vine; and this last was his undoing.

Cornelia Meigs. **As the Crow Flies.**
Illustrated by Lester Greenwood. *Macmillan* $1.75

This story has to do with Zebulon Pike and his expedition which set out in 1805. His was a triple mission—that of exploring the upper Mississippi, included in the tract so lately purchased from the French; of bearing messages of friendliness to the Indians from the people of the United States; and of making the British and French traders conform to our regulations. We follow this trip so zealously undertaken, but so full of hardship and discouragement, in the effect it has upon the young Indian Natzoon, who at first does all in his power to thwart the expedition, and in the end helps Lieutenant Pike to accomplish what he had set out to do.

This is a story full of historical interest, and at the same time one in which are recounting of wilderness adventure and insight into Indian character.

Howard Pease. **The Jinx Ship.** *Doubleday* $2.00

The "jinx" which caused the voyage of the *Congo* to be so full of mystery and baffling terrors, and brought final disaster to her, was faced and outwitted by young Tod Moran, who shipped as a wiper in the engine room, and with courage and persistence grappled with superstition and danger. The author has succeeded in holding the reader's interest to the very end and in keeping the "jinx" a mystery. There is a great deal of breath-taking incident both on board ship and on the island of San Felippe, where the natives are in uprising against the white inhabitants. Though there is not great originality in plot or incident, still we have in this book an exciting story with which to pass the time, and one that is not carelessly constructed and founded upon trumped-up setting. The characters are more or less stock characters, but Tod, the hero, is a good exponent of the spirit of youth that will not admit defeat.

A. A. Milne. **Now We Are Six.**
Illustrated by E. H. Shepard.
Dutton $2.00

"Binker—what I call him—is a secret of my own,
And Binker is the reason why I never feel alone.
Playing in the nursery, sitting on the stair,
Whatever I am busy at, Binker will be there.
Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
And Mummy is the best since the world began,
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan—
But they can't
See
Binker."

And so on until

"Binker isn't greedy, but he does like things to eat,
So I have to say to people when they are giving me a sweet,
'Oh, Binker wants a chocolate, so could you give me two?'
And then I eat it for him, 'cos his teeth are rather new.
Well, I'm very fond of Daddy, but he hasn't time to play,
And I'm very fond of Mummy, but she sometimes goes away,
And I'm often cross with Nanny when she wants to brush my hair. . . ."

But Binker's always Binker, and is certain to be there.

Eloise Lounsbery. **The Boy Knight of Reims.**

Houghton $2.50

Jean d'Orbais, descendant and namesake of the great master builder who designed the cathedral of Reims, lives in the shadow of the cathedral, and his dreams center around the glory and beauty of its architecture. He longs to add his bit to this great masterpiece of human endeavor. At first he is apprenticed to a master goldsmith, but he knows that this is not *his* craft, and it is in his spare time and with great handicaps that he develops his skill in sculpturing. In and out of the story of Jean d'Orbais is woven an amazingly vivid picture of the Reims of the fifteenth century, with its craftsmen making wonderful things in gold and silver, in rich embroideries, in stained glass, and in carvings in wood and stone. The wonder of human creating at its very finest fills the book, and Jean d'Orbais, his mother, father, grandfather, his little sister, Marie-des-Anges, and Colin, his friend—all reflect in their lives much of what the great Cathedral stands for in its symbolism and beauty. There is just enough plot to make the story absorbing—the treachery of Master Anton and Old Basi, the friendliness of the Countess of Champagne; and most of all, the coming of Jeanne d'Arc to Reims for the great coronation, and the part played by the Orbais family in the wonderful preparations. E. W.

RACHEL FIELD

Portrait of a Troubadour

By Josiah Titzell

i: Rachel

STOCKBRIDGE is one of Massachusetts' loveliest villages. Great ancient trees, expansive and settled, border the wide main street. Set back from these, beyond cool, green lakes of lawn, large sedate houses show their contented faces. At the hub of the spokes of road that radiate from the village stands a tiny red house where Stephen Dudley Field lived and worked on his telegraphic inventions. It is a beautiful little village and it has been there a long time. You feel that.

Among the children in Stockbridge several years ago, one, by reason of her individuality and personality, stood out the least bit from the others. She had important concerns of her own. Her child's mind was worried by little plans and ideas of her own which she must put into practice. She played with gusto, but also she worked at her several enterprises. She lived in one of the contented houses and there she spent much of her time in a workroom she had fixed for herself in the cellar. From her bedroom window she could see the squirrels scampering from tree to tree along the broad street, and the birds flashing through lavender and white lilac bushes. From the slits of windows in the cellar she could see the busy ants and caterpillars traveling their miles and miles across the yard. The little girl liked to watch them. Her name was Rachel.

"The Old Schoolhouse"

At one end of the village, halfway up a hill, Miss Brewer conducted a school. Rachel attended with about ten others of assorted ages. But the colorless sameness of school has been

completely forgotten in a glowing memory of "dramatics" that hovers over Miss Brewer's prim white house. In her parlor "The Merchant of Venice" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" were presented by a cast of very serious seven or eight-year-old actors. Could there be any doubt as to who was to play Shylock? Not in Miss Brewer's mind. She was sitting on the veranda talking about her plays to a visitor. Seated under the *porte-cochère,* ostensibly studying, was a small, golden-haired girl, properly named Mollie. "And we are going to present 'The Merchant of Venice,'" Mollie heard Miss Brewer say. And the guest asked, "Where did you find a Shylock?" "That," replied Miss Brewer, "seemed impossible until I thought of Rachel, and, of course, she could do it wonderfully." She did. And veered, with true histrionic capability, from Shylock to Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. All of Stockbridge, remembering a delightful Rebecca, full of vitality and with red hair brushed back from her face, knew that the drama of Sunnybrook was presented because it gave scope for Rachel's powers.

It was about this time that she was taken to the theater for the first time. It was tremendously exciting. The play was "Peter Pan," her introduction to the theater and to Barrie, both to become companions. The theater is brimming with activity and is true to that which is most real—unreality—and she felt at home in it. It was only natural that she should later translate many of her imaginings into plays and stories about plays.

The closing picture of the little girl in Stockbridge. She is out walking through the woods that stretch away from Stockbridge toward South Lee. She has a gay, green, little basket on her arm and is gathering the mushrooms that are none too plentiful. She wanders out to the road to pick a harebell that is growing in a wagon track. From around a bend in the road a troupe of gypsies suddenly appears. They are strange and unexpected and Rachel rushes for the fence that is between the road and the wood. But the fence, alas! is of barbed wire and not the kind to be rushed at carelessly, and she finds herself dangling in the meshes of the tenacious wire screaming for help. It is not, however, the gypsies' help she wants and she fights them when they come to aid her. But they are strong and they place her gently on the other side of the fence. They laugh,

and she likes their glistening teeth and dancing earrings. They move on and she sweeps her tumbling red hair back from her face that she may see them go down the road in their carnival clothes. She likes gypsies. She thinks of things she likes in terms of gypsies. A few years later she publishes a book of poems called "Taxis and Toadstools" and places as the final poem in the book "Old Gypsies":

"Over the sky's dark roads
The caravan moon moves slow,
And all the hosts of stars
Forever restless go;
Unwearied gypsy companies
Traveling the centuries."

ii: Rachel Lyman Field

Stockbridge was past. She would return to visit but not to live. It would always serve as a background, for it was there she grew up, but she was to have a more stimulating, magic setting. Before that Radcliffe saw her at her best, sweeping through the busy days, an enthusiastic individual, alive and responsive to the swiftly-successive discoveries of that period. To quote Mr. Keats, "The poetic character lives in gusto." From the manner in which she attacked her studies and activities we are certain of the gusto. And the poetic character? There is a certainty of that, of responsiveness to

"Stirring of seeds in good damp earth,
Stars marching through the sky."

In her first book, "Pointed People," she wrote "May in Cambridge":

"How could I learn philosophy,
Or read great books of history,
When May came into Cambridge town,
Sending the petals drifting down
From tall horsechestnut trees alight
With flower-candles, waxy white?"

How could she, indeed? The answer, of course, is that she could because of her energy, mental and physical. All that and more. She could study with Professor Baker of Harvard's 47 Dramatic Workshop. Her first plays were produced there. Her love of the theater had asserted itself. She left Radcliffe

to go to New York with material for her first two books, "The Pointed People" and "Six Plays." The former is a book of bright poems—poems that are a first glimpse of a mind that delights in songs of thoughts and feelings, familiar things or distant, dim lands, elfin and fay, trees and characters, from the stage, the street in front of her house or from her imagination. The book is illustrated with charming silhouettes she herself made. In "Six Plays" appears the best of her first plays, which are also characterized by the variety of moods, from the happily fantastic to the more seriously dramatic. They represent between them her entrance into the gates that separate Parnassus from the country about. In both of these books the author's name was given as Rachel Lyman Field. But the name was not so to appear again, for she now dropped the Lyman. She was—she is—Rachel Field.

Joan *Ned* *Anne*

from "A Summer Afternoon"

iii: Rachel Field

The stimulating, magic setting for which Rachel Field deserted Stockbridge is actually a double setting. She is a double character. Under each division come subdivisions—true of all those who are sensitive, for sensitivity means reflection and adaptation—but primarily two people.

The double setting. Eight months of the year she lives in New York; four months she lives on an island off the Maine

coast. Eight months she is a hurried, gay, impelling New Yorker, sensitive to skyscrapers, brightly-lighted taxis and ferries, florist shops and pretzel venders. Four months she is an islander and all that suggests: quiet and happy and content, with a constant awareness of a blue sky and white gulls; a blue sea and white, windy clouds; green islands, bright with berries and mushrooms; of salt in the air and the sound of the buoys and the surf; and the shadows over Sargent Mountain opposite that gallop like horse and hound. She responds fully to each, taxis and toadstools.

Now that the gate to Parnassus had been passed the journey went singingly. "Eliza and the Elves" was published. It tells as much about elves as any one but Eliza can safely know. Three stories, from one of which the book gains its title, and many poems make up a delightful book. Elizabeth MacKinstry (thinking of the story "Eliza and the Elves," she was nearly spoken of as Eliza MacPann) decorated the book with an appreciation that makes it one of the nicest books about elves ever published. A month later "Taxis and Toadstools" was published. Here the promise of "The Pointed People" was fulfilled by a book of poems, about a city and an island that was filled with charming songs and thoughts you and I have wanted to sing and think for a long time and which we just haven't been quite able to. Here the author reappears as artist, with colored and black and white decorations that perfectly supplement the poems. At this time a "play" book appeared, "An Alphabet for Boys and Girls," with a poem and drawing for each letter, both done by Rachel Field. It was a spontaneous creation—a fling—and won an admiring audience. It has just gained a companion volume, "A Little Book of Days," again poems and drawings, this time one for each holiday. Together in their green and red bindings they make a most attractive pair.

To take its place on the shelf next to them one of Rachel Field's most perfect books has just appeared. It is called "The Magic Pawnshop" and is in the true Field *métier*, fantasy. It is a story of a pawnshop in New York on New Year's Eve and the happenings there—magical, fascinating happenings. It is done in a calm but spry mood, with an unusual ability for selection of material. And wisping its way through it, and hovering coolly over it, is a glowing golden mellowness.

By the time this appears in print a second volume of plays, charming pieces about Lady Jane Grey, and poetry salesmen, and wistful young violinists and Irish peddlers, fantasies and rhymed dramas, will have appeared. This book of plays completes the published work of Rachel Field.

And completing her work, it completes this glimpse of her. There she is, a little girl who grew up in Stockbridge and was known as Rachel, an enthusiastic, impelling student known as Rachel Lyman Field, who swept through Radcliffe and took New York unto herself, and finally the person who lives in boisterous New York and the star-quiet Sutton Island, and is known as Rachel Field, the person who is gaily keen, aware of all she comes in contact with, and who loves old houses, patchwork quilts, roads, samplers, gypsies, elves and fairies, all animals, particularly dogs (her constant companion is a charming and devoted black-as-night Scotch terrier, Spriggin) and dancing bears, cuckoo clocks and merry-go-rounds, and night, with its stars and whispering mystery, or its wind and rain. Those who have heard her speak of the things she is thinking and writing, or who have seen her busy, strewn desk in her playhouse under the shadow of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, know that much that is glorious is yet to come from her. It may be poetry, prose, drawings or plays, and it may—and most probably will—be all four, but in any case it will possess that peculiar quality that distinguishes Walter de la Mare, James Stephens, Eleanor Farjeon, Barrie, A. A. Milne, and Rose Fyleman. Rachel Field is of their company, a troubadour company, whose eyes are deep and distant for all they see, whose songs are free and rich for all they feel, and whose imaginings glitter and tinkle with a crystal delight.

BOOKS BY MISS FIELD

THE POINTED PEOPLE. Yale University Press	$2.00
SIX PLAYS. Scribner	1.25
ELIZA AND THE ELVES. Macmillan	2.50
TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS. Doubleday, Page	2.00
AN ALPHABET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Doubleday, Page	.75
A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS. Doubleday, Page	.75
THE MAGIC PAWNSHOP. Dutton	2.25
THE CROSS-STITCH HEART AND OTHER PLAYS. Scribner	1.25

The illustrations are taken from "Taxis and Toadstools."

THE HOME OF "MICHAEL OF IRELAND"

By Anne Casserley
Author of "Michael of Ireland" (Harper)

As the slow train winds its way through Northwestern Ireland, it passes a small blue lake, enclosed in mountains and fringed by woods. Here the train draws up slowly, but, as the probabilities are that no one will either get in or get out, it ambles on again after a brief pause, making its way to places less lonely if also less beautiful.

If you pass the long days of your childhood in that quiet valley, you miss many of the delights of the children of this generation. No cinemas are there, no glittering shops, no pantomimes, no delicate town confectioneries. However, you are not altogether a loser—there are compensations.

In the quiet house where grown-up people are absorbed in grown-up occupations, you steal, closely followed by a small sister, to your mother's side and say: "Please may we go out and play with the little MacNulties, and with the O'Donnells, and the Mehans, and all the others?"

Your mother, reasonably desirous to please, but withal careful, follows you down to the kitchen and out into the yard, where a group of barefooted, hatless children, sunburnt and grimy, your familiar spirits and trusty friends, await your coming. At sight of your mother, half the group melts away; the other half stands its ground bravely and submits to the customary warnings.

"You will not go near the limekiln? It is very dangerous."

"No, ma'am."

"Nor the lake, for you might fall into it."

"No, ma'am."

"Nor the field where Peter Hanrahan keeps his cross bull?"

"No, ma'am."

Thus reassured, she gives consent to her children joining the party, and turns back into the house to her book and her needlework.

Michael and the Flanagan Pig

Instantly your meek friends show themselves in their true colours. The deserters hasten to join up again, and all break forth

into fluent and lively speech in the broadest of Donegal brogues, which you loyally, and with considerable success, strive to imitate.

The world is before you. There is the mountain with its brown streams, where dwarf trout, hidden under stones, may be caught with the hands. There is the Upper Wood, with its nuts or its wild birds' nests; the larch planting, where you can gather larch twigs and cones to make a giant bonfire; the banks of Clady stream for wild strawberries; the woods nearer the lake for marsh marigolds and bluebells. There are green banks where you will find the biggest bilberries, and deep sheltered ditches, where you will find the first primroses. High up the mountain side there is the cottage where an old, old, wrinkled woman, deaf and smiling, will let you try to spin on her wheel —only the wheel has a disconcerting trick of running backwards and breaking the thread. There are herds of wild goats, springing from rock to rock, which watch you with steady, glassy eyes. There are, finally, the mountain cottages, homes of your friends and comrades, where, greeted with all hospitality, you join sociably in the meal—potatoes and milk and one salt herring, divided fairly among the entire company. Every item of the little kitchen you know by heart—the potato creel, the oatmeal chest, the clay floor, the heather broom.

Here you sit round the blazing turf fire and listen to stories, which you more than half disbelieve, of how every bunch of heather in the glen hides a fairy—Joe O'Donnell saw one with his own eyes—"a wee woman happed in a red cloak"—the speaker will vouch for the truth of it! Here also you will learn the danger of throwing water out of your kitchen door without warning, lest the fairies be passing at the moment; and here you will be instructed in the necessity for fastening rowan branches over your door on May Eve; and here you will learn the awful consequences of making too free with the old fairy Thorn, which stands, grey, leafless, and solitary, on the hillside.

As the evening shadows creep on, you reluctantly turn again homewards, carrying with you the scents of mountain and wood, of heather, gorse, and bracken; carrying with you also memories, never to be lost in after life, of the leaping flames of the turf fire, and the faces of those sunburnt, barefooted children, who sit round and tell, with bated breath, their tales of the Fairy People.

Glasnevin, Dublin.

The town of Maienfeld in the upper Rhine Valley of Switzerland

A friendly goat is fed by two companions of Miss Davis while she sketches

A modern Heidi of Maienfeld with her pet kitten

Bernhard, the Peter of today, drives his goats over a ridge of the mountain

PICTURE-MAKING IN THE ALPS

For the new Centennial Edition of "Heidi"

By Edward K. Robinson

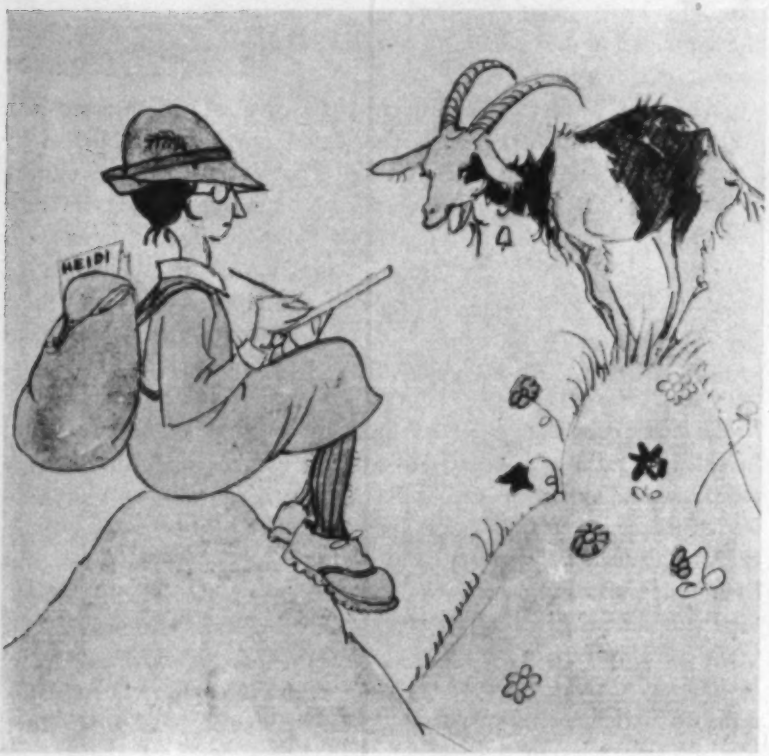
ONE hundred years ago Johanna Spyri was born in a little Swiss village near Zurich. The centennial of her birth makes this a particularly appropriate year for the publication of a new and unusual edition of her greatest story for children, "Heidi." [1]

Although there are more than a score of good American editions of "Heidi," the "Centennial Edition," just published by Ginn and Company, is so different that it will be a welcome addition to the already long list. Outstanding among its new features are the illustrations. Strangely enough, they appear to be the first ones ever made for "Heidi" in the town of Maienfeld, Switzerland, the scene of the story. The publishers wisely chose as the illustrator Miss Marguerite Davis, who was graduated from the Museum School of Fine Arts a few years ago, and Miss Davis spent the larger part of a summer in Maienfeld, drawing, talking with the natives in their homes, investigating the places mentioned in "Heidi," and, just so far as possible, living in the same surroundings and atmosphere in which Heidi lived. Seldom, if ever, has there been a more thorough piece of research work in the illustration of any children's classic. Following the researches and sketches in Maienfeld, the actual drawing of the pictures occupied nearly a year.

Miss Davis so enjoyed her days in Heidi's village that she is looking forward to another visit in the future. The inhabitants, usually shy of strangers, took her in at once when they learned her mission. After a day or two news of the errand on which she had come passed through the town, and thereafter every one who met her extended his greeting, usually the picturesque "Grüss" (God greet thee), but sometimes a mere "Tag" from the more brusque of the male inhabitants. They all were pleased to have their beautiful town and mountains and alps (pastures) become the center of attraction for a new edition of "Heidi," with which the reading element was quite familiar.

[1] Spyri: Heidi, Translated by Helen B. Dole. Illustrated in colors and black and white by Marguerite Davis. 410 pages. Ginn and Company. Price, 84 cents.

They said that a German artist who illustrated "Heidi" had once made a hasty visit of a few days, but no one had ever come and lived among them as Miss Davis did. Not only did she live with the villagers, but she spent days high up on the mountains with the goats, sketching them in a thousand and one postures, until she knew more about goat anatomy than did the



goats themselves. A caricature which Miss Davis sent in one of her letters from Maienfeld is too good to withhold from publication, and so is reproduced with this article. Perhaps this drawing flatters the goat, but it does the opposite in the case of the artist, for the young lady herself is a very pulchritudinous product of Vassar.

A few quotations from Miss Davis's letters give a vivid picture of some of her experiences:

"A week ago was the Swiss national holiday, and you all would have thrilled, too, as I did, to count twenty-six beacon fires in the valley—on all the high Alps, and even the peaks. There were two on Furniss, one in our pasture that the boys had built all that day—one in the Enderlin Hütte on Falkniss—and, to cap the climax, some energetic Alpine climbers burned red lights, and even sent off rockets from the pinnacle of Falkniss. Down in the village there was music and gymnastic exhibitions. It all started with the ringing of the church bells at eight o'clock—and was over by a little after nine—and by ten, every one was sound asleep! . . .

Drawing by Marguerite Davis for the Centennial Edition of "Heidi"

"The other day we met Johannes Comminoth, admired his pipe, and asked him to let us sketch it. He invited us to his house, where we met his wife, and were ushered into the 'settin' room'—and, chuckling all the while, he sat, pipe a-smoking, while we drew. The clock ticked, flies buzzed, there was a reminiscent New England smell of apple sauce and cookies about the place. Afterwards, they brought food for us and we whiled away several wonderful hours: saw all the family portraits and pewter. . . .

"Then, one day, it cleared beautifully and we hurried to prepare for Guscha. We were driven over nearly to Luziensteig—and then shouldered our packs for the hot and *steep* path, over and around a cliff of Falkniss and up into the village, deserted in the summer, for the hay Alps higher up. On up past the dozen huts that are 'Guscha'—with signs pointing to 'Guscha Alp Hütte, Klub Naturfreunde.'

"Just before noon, we came out into a little clearing where are three or four huts. Andreas Just and family live in one—and the other is a sort of club house for people who tramp up there and care to stay. . . .

"We spent the afternoon climbing further up to those steep patches of hayfield that you may remember seeing from our valley. We came upon seven or eight adorable huts—all clinging by their eyebrows to the hillside—with stones upon their roofs, to hold them down—and a bunch of Maienfeld men raking and storing the hay, spending a week there to do it. . . .

Drawing by Marguerite Davis for the Centennial Edition of "Heidi"

"We slept that night (rather, we 'lay') on hay—in a loft, with a Swiss family of five—father, mother, and three children! When we were just beginning to lose consciousness, a cat jumped in the window—and purred all night long in our ears. I saw Miss Fyshe take it up once and hurl it into the black night—but it pattered back, purring more loudly than ever, curled up on our necks and stayed till dawn. We had coffee over at the Justs' house—and I spent the morning drawing everything in sight—inside and out—while Frau baked just ten loaves of bread and stewed dried apples and fried doughnuts, cleaned the house, fed the pigs, and hens, and calves, changed her little girl's dress and sent her, with the grandfather, off to the high hayfields, where Andreas and Hans, the goat boy, were, and, by ten, she, too, was off with a basket on her back and hot coffee in a pail—to do a *real* day's work haying. Then I turned to the baby goats and the boys from Ragaz!

"We were a bit groggy that night when we got home, but

the following morning at 3.30 Herr Mooser knocked on Miss Fyshe's shutter—as agreed—and by four we were off for the Senn Hütte on the Maienfeld Alp—up back of Furniss and Falkniss.

"What a day that was!!! We *walked* eight hours! And he *talked* the eight hours! And Miss Fyshe was a wreck—and it was the most endless, eternal path! . . . It was hot; it showered; it rained; it poured; it thundered; the white clouds swished up over the saddle between the two mountains as out of some inferno. We saw cows, like specks, up against the sky—on Vilau; we saw a red roof gleaming up above us; surely that was our destination: the same roof we had seen from Pfäffers. In an hour or more, roof, and aerial cows were below us. On and up—zigzag—on and up—wet through, and cold—over at last into the valley of Scesaplana, right up under Falkniss' two towers, on the other side from Maienfeld—and *nothing* in sight! But finally—a half mile more brought us to two huts—one, the Senn Hütte—and the other, a hut that Herr Mooser insisted should be our abode for the night—that we should not think of returning that afternoon (he was to stay two days there, on a piece of work in a new cheese hut, a half hour down the valley) and that we would be 'ganz allein'!

"If I could only draw a word picture of the desolation of that scene! A treeless waste of pasture and rock and sky and cloud and rain; a sea of mud and muck around the Senn Hütte and the stable—making walking a perilous affair; a skyline of strange peaks—and the new Scesaplana; four silent men, looking at us, from the Senn Hütte!

"One of them, however, was really very hospitable; we ate our lunch and dried by the fire, and saw all the cheeses, and butter, churn, milk, and utensils; then Herr Mooser left us to our fate—and, I have to confess, a bed of hay in a black loft, in a smelly stable, in a desolate land of muck and silence did *not* appeal!—so we sketched for all we were worth for an hour—and I even braved the gray day and took 'snaps' of the boys, and of Scesaplana—and at 4.30 (we told the men to tell Herr Mooser next morning that we had to get back) started up—and over—and then down! Before we were lost to view, the boys came out and gave us the long, clear mountain call—and we answered; we were both adept at it by then!

"Before we arrived in Jenins, and when we were both awfully 'all in,' Herr Obrecht of Jenins picked us up in his 'leiter waggon' and two horses! In three-quarters of an hour, when we trotted through Jenins, we were very good friends—and he took us in his house—and set wine, bread, and meat before us, and looked at all our pictures—and had a great time recognizing all his Maienfeld friends. We reached home after dark—tired—but happy. . . .

Drawing by Marguerite Davis for the Centennial Edition of "Heidi"

"And so the days sped by! Long, wonderful days of not only 'putting down on paper' —but far more—of really *living* Heidi, Peter and all!!! I could have cried my eyes out the day I left—when that train curved into a new valley and blotted out my pasture from view!

"Up in Guscha, the morning we arrived, and while we were drinking some milk in Andreas Just's house, little Hans, the goat boy—a native of Pfäffers—came in with Gretl Just—the three-year-old daughter—all flushed and hot from the steep climb up from Guscha village, and I felt almost as if Heidi herself were before me—she was so lovely and her cheeks were so red! And Hans was one of the nicest looking boys I had come across. I wanted to put him in my pocket and take him back home with me. And as for Andreas Just, himself, with his young, fine features, white teeth, and long black beard! I took pictures of him, with the white homespun pointed hood they wear to carry hay on their heads, and he looked like some youthful prophet out of the Bible! . . .

"It is such an anticlimax to have *lived* Heidi and then have to become a 'tourist' again and see only 'sights' and fellow

passengers; I can't bear it. . . . I am really an enthusiast over the Swiss people. This is an example: we asked a man in Guscha, on his way up to Falkniss, *why* he was going up there; 'Fur Edelweiss' and 'Why do you go for Edelweiss?'—and he answered, 'Weil es so schön ist.' Bernhard announced one evening that he and the goat herd from Fläsch were going to take their goats up to the Enderlin Hütte next day and they were to hunt for Edelweiss. I asked him why, and he answered, 'Ich weiss nicht—weil es so schön ist!'

"They love their big things—their mountains, their freedom, their flowers, their herds—so much that there is no room for anything bad. I never once heard a voice raised in anger or retort, or ill will. I never saw children being 'naughty'—or quarrelling. There was always that sense of content, work to fill the day, and—as on Guscha—singing and yodelling on the Justs' steps in the evening, and so much coöperation among the natives in their hay making or vineyard labour. A happy life, and certainly 'Heidi' breathes it from every page."

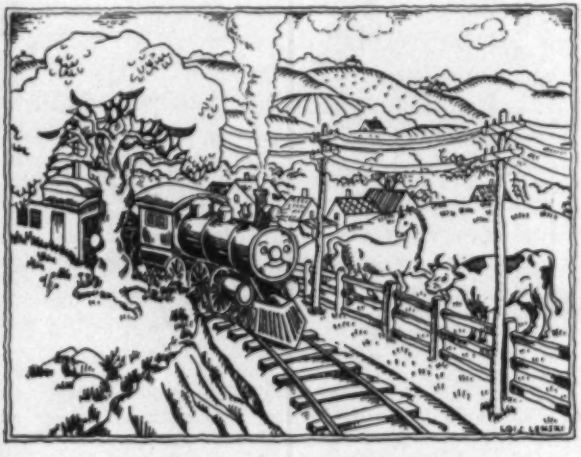
The translation of "Heidi" used for the Centennial Edition is that of Mrs. Helen B. Dole, published by Ginn and Company in 1899. It was the first American edition for schools, and now reissued with four inserts in full colors and many pictures in black and white, it will for a time be the latest edition, richly deserving to serve its threefold purpose as a book for the school, the library, and the home.

Editor's Note: **Surely it is an unusual and far-seeing event in the making of children's books when the publisher of a new edition of "Heidi," intended for school use, will arrange for the illustrator to cross the ocean and live in the scene of the story and make her pictures in the high mountain pastures of Heidi's own land.**

THE CONTEMPORANEOUS IN FAIRY LORE

By Caroline D. Emerson
Author of "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales"

IT is, of course, a truism to say that all real art is contemporaneous with the age which produces it, but I am going to repeat the saying and enlarge on it a little, for it seems to me an interesting point of view in connection with imaginative writing for children. The Greek temple, the New England house, the plays of Shakespeare; each reflects and expresses its own age. No age but its own could have produced any one of these heights of achievement, although, unhappily, other ages



strive to copy them. It seems to me that, on a humbler level, this is true also of the folk tale and fairy tale. The old stories give us fascinating glimpses of the way people felt and thought in their day. They may not express the great thoughts and feelings that built the Gothic cathedrals, but they do give us the everyday thoughts and emotions of the work-a-day world. They are the grotesques and gargoyles that give the human and humorous touch to the great fabric. The *impossible* things that people believed *possible,* or at least that they liked to let their fancies play with as possibilities, have always seemed to me an

interesting consideration. The setting of a story gives a realistic picture of its day, but the imaginings of a story give a psychological picture.

The peasant drives his donkey to market and considers the humor of having a pig roll down the hill in a churn to escape a fox. His wife in the home kitchen wonders what would happen if a gingerbread boy hopped out of the oven alive. The Greek does not concern himself with pots and pans. He thinks of Mount Olympus and of Jove hurling his thunderbolts. The medieval mind has Saint Nicholas raise the three children from the salt pork barrel, quite intact after seven years. The Arthurian legends drink deep of chivalry, while Don Quixote is the sincere contemporary revulsion of the following age, which has had too much of chivalry.

Think what has happened in literature to kings and queens! From being subjects of serious concern, they suddenly encounter the age that produces Gilbert and Sullivan operas and "Alice in Wonderland." In both, royalty and aristocracy, law courts and customs are subjected to the same whimsical and sophisticated humor. The peers from the House of Lords chant, "Bow, bow, you lower middle classes!" while Alice hunts through the White Queen's hair for the missing brush and comb. No wonder that, in the century following, thrones totter, or that their occupants are reduced to a state of picturesque impotence!

To come down to our present day—who could be a more representative, contemporaneous hero than Dr. Dolittle? He expresses two outstanding modern ideas—our love of animals and our faith in doctors. The missionary doctor going out to work among the animals is a touch of genius. St. Francis preached to them, Mowgli was their little brother, but Dr. Dolittle inoculates them!

Of course anachronisms will appear at times, as they do in any art. There are some people today who can really think, feel, and dream fairies, and let us hope these people will write of fairies. But even Rose Fyleman's fairies seem to me charming fantasies rather than creatures of serious import. For most of us, fairies are not a matter of deep concern. But life is of as much concern to us in this great, teeming, booming world of the twentieth century as it was to the peasant in his thatched

hut or the knight in his castle. Perhaps we have even greater need than they of looking at life with humor and with fancy to save our sense of values, although after a summer spent in a French peasant cottage, cooking on a French stove, I am not so sure that that earlier age was as simple as we have been led to believe. Each period has its problems, and New York's illegal gas plate has eliminated some.

In attempting to write fairy tales of today, what I have tried to do is to steep myself in today, to look at the world of today; not from an historical standpoint, fascinating as that may be; not from the standpoint of future development, with all its exciting suggestions; not from the standpoint of informing or explaining, and here lies the most dreadful danger of all; but from the standpoint of a living, feeling, participating person. I have tried to look at the world around me with fancy and with humor, and with a fancy and a humor that is contemporaneous. I have tried to play with the environment and the ideas of my own day. Whether I write anything of value or not, I can recommend the point of view as a highly amusing one.

The great skyscrapers which Carl Sandburg says lean across and chat with each other in the small hours of the morning; the canyons of streets filled with their indefatigable crew of

motors, which go anywhere and everywhere; the great apartment houses with their elevators running up and down the fronts of them and their dumb-waiters running up and down the backs of them; the telephones lacing in and out of the buildings and off across the world; the subways roaring through the ground with the water mains and the gas pipes and the electric wires; and now even the air is filled with the waves of the radio and the hum of the aeroplanes; it all together makes a dreadful and a horrible world, and a fascinating and an intriguing world. Whether we like it or not, we can go but it is here to stay. Modern psychologists speak of "conditioning" children, of establishing the emotional attitudes with which they respond to the objects around them. Perhaps through stories we can help condition children to this new environment. Perhaps we can help them to respond with whimsical humor and interest to this modern world, and by so doing save the next generation from some of the jangling nerves of the present.

Illustrations are from "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales"
Illustrated by Lois Lenski (Dutton, $2 00)

From "Children of the Mountain Eagle"
See page 14

Other Recommended Books of 1927

Supplementing the preceding list of outstanding titles on page 9

Every book on this list has been read and thoughtfully examined. On account of lack of space we cannot give more than a short descriptive note to each, but we feel that they all contribute in one way or another to the increasingly rich field of children's reading.

From "The Merry Pilgrimage" (Macmillan)

William Nicholson. **CLEVER BILL.** *Doubleday* $1.00

A picture book by an eminent English artist which tells of the omission of the red-coated soldier from Mary's suitcase when she went to visit her aunt, and of what happened then.

Maja Lindberg. **KARL'S VISIT TO THE MOON.** Translated from the Swedish by Siri Andrews. *Harper* $1.50

The American edition of this Swedish picture-fairy book makes us hope for American editions of those delightful Swedish picture books of Elsa Beskow.

Rose Fyleman. **THE KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK.** *Doran* $2.00

Bright pictures of jolly dolls with letterpress in verse and prose by Rose Fyleman.

Rachel Field. **A LITTLE BOOK OF DAYS.** *Doubleday* $.75

A verse and a picture for the red-letter days in the child's year from New Year's Day to Anybody's Birthday. A little book in rose color and green.

Inez Hogan. **THE LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE LAMB.** Illustrated and Decorated by the Author. *Macrae* $1.00

A little book about a little black and white lamb who wanted to be either all white or all black like other lambs.

Veronica S. Hutchinson. **FIRESIDE STORIES.** Illustrated by Lois Lenski. *Minton* $2.50

A nice selection of fairy and folk tales drawn from various sources, clearly printed and fully illustrated.

Caroline D. Emerson. **A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MODERN TALES.** Illustrated by Lois Lenski. *Dutton* $2.00

A collection of stories combining the everyday with the imaginative. There are The Timid Truck, The House that Would Not Stay Still, The Shop that Gave Things Away, etc.

From "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales" (Dutton)

Ethel Calvert Phillips. **THE POPOVER FAMILY.** *Houghton* $1.75

A most unusually diverting family is the Popover family who live in the Little Red Doll House, and their doings make Ellen's visit to her aunt gay and exciting.

Helen Fuller Orton. **PRANCING PAT.** Illustrated by Maurice Day. *Stokes* $1.25

A matter-of-fact recounting of a colt's life from his breaking to his return to the family who first owned him. Told simply for children beginning to read to themselves.

Susan Meriwether. **THE PLAYBOOK OF ROBIN HOOD.** Illustrated by Esther Peck. *Harper* $2.00

A cut-out book of the Robin Hood stories with two scenes, Sherwood Forest and Nottingham Square.

Richard Henry Horne. **THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR.** Illustrated by Lisl Hummel. The Little Library. *Macmillan* $1.00

From "The Good-natured Bear" (Macmillan)

A quaint old story written in Germany a long time ago and told to the delighted Littlepump family by the Good-natured Bear himself.

Marion St. John Webb. **THE LITTLEST ONE: His Book.** Illustrated by A. H. Watson. *Crowell* $2.00

"But Andy says I'm lucky that he'll play with me at all;
A grown-up boy like he is — an' me so awful small."

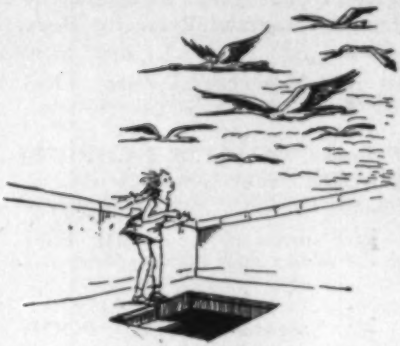
Nancy Byrd Turner. **MAGPIE LANE.** Illustrated by Decie Merwin. *Harcourt* $1.75

Gay verses of childhood pleasures by the author of "The Ballad of Lucky Lindbergh," and

"When I go up to London,
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather."

Pauline Carrington Bouvé. **TALES OF THE MAYFLOWER CHILDREN.** *Jones* $2.00

Scrooby and Holland are the background for these stories as well as the first years of the Plymouth Colony.



From "Bibi"

May Justus. **PETER POCKET: A Little Boy of the Cumberland Mountains.** Illustrated by Mabel Pugh. *Doubleday* $1.50

"There's nothing too good to be true." Peter Pocket really believed this, and so many good things happened to him. He and Pickle Pup lived with Granny Messer on Pine Mountain and went to the little log cabin schoolhouse.

Barbra Ring. **THE TOMBOY COUSIN.** *Stokes* $1.50

Two small Norwegian cousins of very different temperaments visit their grandfather. One is from the country and the other from the city, and it is the country "mouse" who makes the story amusing and full of doings.

Lois Lenski. **SKIPPING VILLAGE. A Town of Not So Long Ago.** Illustrated by the author. *Stokes* $2.50

Everyday happenings in Greenhill, an old-fashioned country town which was kept from becoming humdrum by the boys and girls who enlivened it.

Anna Milo Upjohn. **FRIENDS IN STRANGE GARMENTS.** Illustrated by the author. *Houghton* $1.75

Stories of children of other lands, vividly told by a person who has lived among them and who can make them real and appealing, each in his own way.

Karin Michaelis. **BIBI, A LITTLE DANISH GIRL.** Translated by Lida Siboni Hanson. Illustrated by Hedwig Collin and Bibi. *Doubleday* $2.50

This story might give us as delightful a picture of Denmark as "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" gives of Sweden, for Bibi wanders as widely as does Nils, but it has no fineness of style. One grows tired of Bibi's letters to her "daddy." The pictures are more interesting and amusing than the text.

From "Bibi"

Lady Cynthia Asquith, editor. **SAILS OF GOLD.** *Scribner* $2.50

Stories by various contributors, among whom are A. A. Milne with more about Pooh and Piglet in "Tigger comes to the Forest," and Hugh Lofting with a Christmas story, "The Galloping Sleigh."

From "The Good-natured Bear" (Macmillan)

NUMBER FIVE JOY STREET, A Medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls. *Appleton* $2.50

Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany, Eleanor Farjeon and others have contributed.

Rose Fyleman. **A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOOK.** With ten scissor cuts by L. Hummel. *Doran* $1.25

Two slight stories and four little verses in which the fairies enter into the Christmas gladness.

Frank R. Stockton. **THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.** With colored frontispiece and the original illustrations by E. B. Bensell used in St. Nicholas in 1881. *Stokes* $1.50

How the children made the Count's Christmas a happy one with the help of an amiable giant and a kind fairy.

Maud Van Buren and Katharine Isabel Bemis. **CHRISTMAS IN STORYLAND.** *Century* $2.00

A varied collection of Christmas stories, many reprinted from St. Nicholas, Ladies' Home Journal, and Youth's Companion. Elsie Singmaster, Mary Austin, Zona Gale, Selma Lagerlof, Beulah Marie Dix, and Harriet Prescott Spofford are represented.

Marguerite Clément. **ONCE IN FRANCE.** Illustrations by Germaine Denonain. *Doubleday* $2.00

Legends and stories of France which are unusual in their genuine French conception and the style in which they are told.

Katherine Gibson. **THE GOLDEN BIRD: And Other Stories.** Illustrated by Edwin G. Sommer. *Macmillan* $2.50

Ten legends from Egypt, Greece, Persia, China, and France which were used in story-telling hours at the Cleveland Art Museum.

Margaret Sherwood. **THE MERRY PILGRIMAGE.** Translated from the old French. Illustrated by J. Edmund Porter. The Little Library. *Macmillan* $1.00

A jongleur at a mediæval fair sings a strange tale of the great Charlemagne and his twelve peers, an amusing tale that catches them in vain and boastful ways.

Frances Jenkins Olcott. **WONDER TALES FROM PIRATE ISLES.** Chiefly translated from the Dutch. Illustrated by Herman Rosse. *Longmans* $2.00

"Be seated, O my hairy Crew!" cried the Pirate Captain. "Be seated 'neath this banyan tree. Guard well our Captives! As for you, O shivering Captives, be prepared each to tell such a marvellous tale that it shall prove your Pirate Ransom."

Elsie Spicer Eells. **THE MAGIC TOOTH and Other Tales from the Amazon.** With illustrations by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. *Little* $2.00

Folktales of the South Americans containing quaint customs and beliefs about birds, beasts, and natural things.

Arthur Bowie Chrisman. **THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW, Stories of the Merry Middle Kingdom for Children and Myself.** With silhouette decorations cut by Else Hasselriis. *Dutton* $2.50

More stories with a Chinese setting cleverly and amusingly told by the author of "Shen of the Sea" and winner of last year's Newbery Medal.

From "The Merry Pilgrimage" (Macmillan)

Margery Bianco Williams. **THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY.** Pictures by Leon Underwood. *Doran* $3.00

After Andromeda's little girl was married there did not seem to be anything for her to do but go away and never come back. She encounters others of the B. A. T. (Brotherhood of Ancient Toys) in her travels, and has many adventures that are out of the ordinary for a doll, and in the most desperate of them a mysterious stranger always comes to the rescue in a most romantic way.

Rachel Field. **THE MAGIC PAWNSHOP; A New Year's Fantasy.** Jacket and decorations in color by Elizabeth MacKinstry. *Dutton* $2.25

On New Year's Eve in a shop with the swinging sign of three gilt-balls and "a small amount of magic on hand for regular customers," a great deal may happen. Little Prinda Bassett was looking for a miracle and she found it here.

Hugh Lofting. **DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S GARDEN.** Illustrated by the author. *Stokes* $2.50

Through the six preceding Dolittle books the stream of originality and humor ran freshly, but the reading of this last title makes us feel these springs are now dry. Surely this whimsical author has other material to turn to which will not disappoint us.

Margery Williams Bianco. **THE SKIN HORSE.** Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. *Doran* $1.50

"All children grow up," said the Skin Horse, "but there is always another child somewhere of the right size to take their place." "But if you really love them all," the child asked, "which do you really belong to?" "I belong to the child that needs me most," the Skin Horse replied, and he smiled with his open mouth.

William Whitman, 3rd. **THE GIANT SORCERER.** *Houghton* $2.00

A modern fairy tale in which science and industry are personified and mechanical wonders take the place of the oldtime magic.

Bradford Washburn. **AMONG THE ALPS WITH BRADFORD.** *Putnam* $1.75

Deric Nusbaum. **DERIC WITH THE INDIANS.** *Putnam* $1.75

Two additions to "Boys' Books by Boys," telling of boys' own explorations and adventures.

T. C. Bridges and H. Hessell Tiltman. **HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE.** *Little* $2.00

A glorious company of men and women who dared and achieved. Among them are Amundsen, Rosita Forbes, Grenfell, Lawrence, Stefansson, and Lindbergh.

John D. Whiting. **THE STORM FIGHTERS: True Stories of the Coast Guard.** *Bobbs* $2.00

Helen Nicolay. **THE BOYS' LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.** *Century* $2.00

Lowell Thomas. **THE BOYS' LIFE OF COLONEL LAWRENCE.** *Century* $2.00

This may fill a special place in introducing Colonel Lawrence to boys and girls who would then like to continue with his own "Revolt in the Desert," and Lowell Thomas' earlier book, "With Lawrence in Arabia."

Lt.-Col. W. P. Drury. **HISTORY CALLING! From Henry VIII to Victoria.** *Holt* $2.00

Twelve stories from English history.

Dorothy Margaret Stuart. **THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF OTHER LANDS.**

Amy Cruse. **THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF EPIC HEROES.** *Little* $2.00

New additions to the Romance of Knowledge series.

L. A. Charskaya. **THE TARTAR PRINCESS.** Translated from the Russian by Hana Muskova. *Holt* $2.00

The cousin of the little Princess Nina and the heroine of this story has courage, honesty, and spirit. It is a story of the Caucasus and of Petrograd.

Elsie Singmaster. **SEWING SUSIE.** *Houghton* $1.50

Another story of the battle of Gettysburg by the author of "A Boy of Gettysburg," etc., in which a boy and girl serve the Union troops.

Edith Bishop Sherman. **MILADY AT ARMS.** Illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. *Doubleday* $2.00

Sally, an orphan, has been bonded out to Mistress Todd, who is somewhat of a Tartar. A young British soldier is taken prisoner, and lodged in the Todds' home. There are plenty of exciting incidents, for they are in the midst of Revolutionary happenings, and in the end there is a bit of romance.

Laura Fitinghoff. **CHILDREN OF THE MOOR.** Translated from the Swedish by Siri Andrews. With illustrations by Gustav Tenggren. *Houghton* $2.50

A pathetic story of bereft Swedish children during time of famine, in search of homes, and of the dangers and hardships they encountered. It is a desolate picture that the story gives with very little to relieve its grim reality.

Mabel L. Robinson. **SARAH'S DAKIN.** Illustrated by Julie Brown. *Dutton* $2.00

Sarah Thurston is a thirteen-year-old girl whose bright shock of red hair is not the only thing that lends vividness to her. She and "Pa" and Dakin the collie live on a farm on the Maine coast, and a fine spirit of comradeship prevails in their relationships.

Elizabeth Janet Gray. **MEREDITH'S ANN.** *Doubleday* $2.00

A fresh out-of-doors story with pleasant village life and wholesome young people to make it enjoyable. The scene is laid near Chocorua, and the trails and mountain scenery are easily recognized.

Katharine Adams. **MIDWINTER.** Illustrated by Eric Pape. *Macmillan* $1.75

A story of Swedish young people and the same American girl who figured in "Midsummer."

Reed Fulton. **THE POWDER DOCK MYSTERY.** *Doubleday* $2.00

Mystery and thrills for a boy or girl of twelve to sixteen. Not distinctive in handling or plot but entertaining. A good book to fill the chinks of a blustering day.

Ethel Cook Eliot. **STOREY MANOR.** *Doubleday* $2.00

A mystery story for girls' light reading.

Edith Ballinger Price. **SHIPS OF DREAMS.** *Century* $1.75

Garth of "The Silver Shoal Light," now sixteen years old, has in this story the sea adventure of which he has long dreamed.

Christine Whiting Parmenter. **THE REAL REWARD.** Illustrated by Hattie Longstreet. *Little* $2.00

The story of a family on a New Hampshire farm and how the mystery of a stolen necklace was solved.

Luigi Capuana. **NIMBLELEGS: A Story for Boys.** Translated from the Italian by Frederic Taber Cooper. With illustrations by I. B. Hazelton. *Longmans* $1.50

A Sicilian boy carries messages for the Italian patriot, Garibaldi, and wins recognition for his service.

Everett McNeil. **FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE.** *Dutton* $2.00

An exciting story, but one cannot but doubt the authenticity of the historical background.

Louis Felix Ranlett. **LET'S GO! An Epic of Youth and War.** *Houghton* $2.50

A book of World War experiences full of vigor and courage. Older boys will read this with great interest and profit.

Perry Newberry. **FORWARD HO! A Story of the Argonne.** With illustrations by the author. *Stokes* $2.00

In this story of a sixteen-year-old boy, half-American and half-French, who crossed No Man's Land and joined the American lines, we must have many incidents and characters which the author himself encountered in his service overseas with the 77th "Liberty" division.

Constance Lindsay Skinner. **THE TIGER WHO WALKS ALONE.** Illustrated by W. Langdon Kihn. *Macmillan* $1.75

A story of the jungle of South America and of a cruel dictator of Montalba who was overthrown after a wild and desperate struggle.

James Willard Schultz. **RED CROW'S BROTHER, Hugh Monroe's Story of His Second Year on the Plains.** With illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover. *Houghton* $1.75

A sequel to "Rising Wolf," being more about the Blackfoot Indians.

Frank E. Potts. **PIRATE PLUNDER.** Illustrated by Lucinda Wakefield. *Harper* $1.75

For those who like blood and thunder.

Hawthorne Daniel. **THE HONOR OF DUNMORE.** Illustrated by Henry Pitz. *Macmillan* $1.75

England in the time of Henry VI is the scene of this story of knights and tournaments.

Walter H. Nichols. **COWBOY HUGH.** Illustrated by Joe de Yong. *Macmillan* $2.00

An exciting story of ranch life.

Philip Ashton Robbins. **JINGLEBOB, a True Story of a Real Cowboy.** *Scribner* $2.50

The story of a cattle drive which two tenderfoots accompany and of which Jinglebob is top rider.

Alan Sullivan. **BROTHER BLACKFOOT.** *Century* $2.00

John Hartop's adventures with Natokina and his grandson, Apau, in the Blackfoot reservation in Montana.

Carl Moon. **THE FLAMING ARROW.** *Stokes* $2.50

The hero is a boy of the Pan-qua tribe in the pueblos of the Southwest, who proves his manhood by accomplishing a difficult mission for his tribe. Similar to the author's "Lost Indian Magic."

Anworth Rutherford. **HIDDEN ISLAND.** *Little* $2.00

Three boys explore a tract of forest and swamp near their homes and find many specimens of interest to the museum of the town. On one night their courage is severely tested by mysterious happenings.

Earl Reed Silvers. **CAROL OF HIGHLAND CAMP.** *Appleton* $1.75

A camp story emphasizing good democratic spirit and healthy outdoor enterprise.

From "Treasure Island"
Illustrated by Edmund Dulac
(see next page)

Some New Editions of Old Favorites

***Dorothy Lathrop,** illustrator.*

MOPSA THE FAIRY, *by Jean Ingelow.* *Harper* $1.75

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE, *by George MacDonald.*
Children's Classics. *Macmillan* $1.75

***Lois Lenski,** illustrator.*

JACK HORNER'S PIE (Mother Goose Rhymes) *Harper* $2.00

***F. D. Bedford,** illustrator.*

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, *by Charles Dickens.*
Harper $2.50

***Edmund Dulac,** illustrator.*

TREASURE ISLAND, *by Robert Louis Stevenson.* *Doran* $5.00

***James Daugherty,** illustrator.*

THE SPLENDID SPUR, *by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.*
Doran $2.50

***E. H. Shepard,** illustrator.*

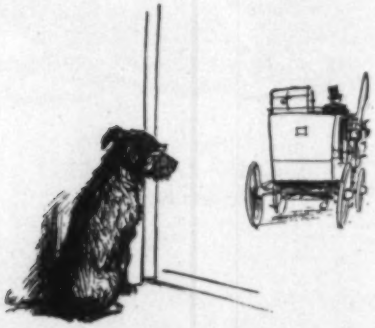
JEREMY, *by Hugh Walpole.* *Doran* $2.50

***Mead Schaeffer,** illustrator.*

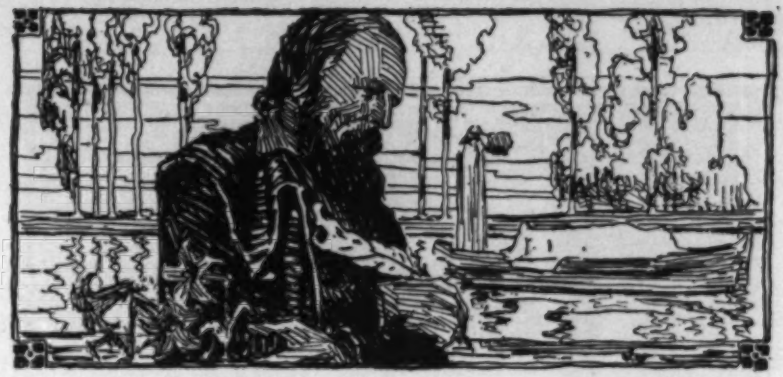
TOM CRINGLE'S LOG, *by Michael Scott.* *Dodd* $3.50

***N. C. Wyeth,** illustrator.*

MICHAEL STROGOFF, *by Jules Verne.* *Scribner* $2.50



From "Jeremy"
Illustrated by E. H. Shepard



ON READING POETRY

Comment in the First Person Singular

By Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill

THERE are a number of people who are not at all afraid of poetry, but my experience has been that there are many more who are afraid of it. I can even think of a well-known writer of prose who confesses that he finds the reading of poetry very hard work. He says that he dreads it as much as getting into cold water for a swim, and that, unlike the water, poetry often isn't comfortable even after he is in it.

This fear of poetry has always seemed to me to represent a serious situation—not less serious because it is unnecessary. Of course the reading of poetry cannot be enjoyable to some people. Men and women who are merely interested in food and clothes will never get any fun from it—or any profit. Still, there are millions of us who are concerned about the tone of the lives we live, as—in a lesser way—an athlete cares about form in golf or baseball or tennis. And if these millions can't enjoy reading poetry, we are suffering something like a social catastrophe. None of us is going to realize himself unless he gets into companionship with a considerable amount of poetry.

There is no need to argue about this assertion. Try to imagine England or America without Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Whitman, and Kipling, and the meaning of poetry in our lives will become apparent. The high thought and heroic spirit in all practical affairs of the last

All the illustrations in this article are from "The Winged Horse"
Illustrated by Paul Honoré

three hundred years has been influenced by passages such men have written. Any one today who wants to be vital instead of passive must draw on poetry, whether on that of the older poets, or on the courage of "Leaves of Grass," the adventurous beauty of Masefield, the quiet philosophy of Mr. Robinson or Mr. Frost, the spirited individuality of Miss Millay.

The reason a large number of people have trouble doing this, and perhaps give it up entirely (thus becoming less alive and threatening us with social catastrophe), is that they don't know how to go about reading poetry.

Poetry, if it is approached in a sensible manner, is not difficult to read. The trouble is that most people try to read it as if it were prose, and poetry is different from prose.

How is it different?

Well, a great deal might be said in answer to that question, but perhaps one difference is enough to mention. It is this: prose can often be read in large quantities, and poetry in most cases can't be. While any one can sit down and go through a novel of 320 pages almost at a sitting, and perhaps, even though it is a good novel, never feel the need of re-reading it, no one can read fourteen lines of good poetry and call the reading a job. If a sonnet or any other short lyric is going to mean anything to him, he must live with it. Probably he will spend as much time to get what he wants out of ten pages of good poetry as he would spend on 300 pages of good prose.

This may not sound encouraging.

"If poetry requires thirty times more effort than prose, I believe it *must* be hard to enjoy," some one will remark.

But here again the prose standard is being applied to something that is not prose. Prose often invites reading in large quantity. Poetry doesn't. There is no reason to conclude from this that poetry is not enjoyable. What can be inferred is that the reader of poetry ought to start reading with the idea of digesting only a small amount of verse at a time. He will not work any harder over this than he would in reading a larger quantity of prose. Once willing to go slow and realize that he is dealing with something more compact and suggestive than prose, he will get a continuous pleasure, and a pleasure that grows as he is more familiar with what he is reading.

There will be much misery avoided if this simple idea of the difference between prose and poetry is accepted, and there will be much joy and power won. Of course, with the knowledge that poetry takes more time to read, there comes the recognition that *what is read* should be very carefully selected. Young readers ought not to dash at poetry without knowing what they are about, blunting their natural liking for it on a lot of poor verse that they should never read at all. Certainly they will soon get "fed up" with poetry in general if they attack the dullness of Wordsworth's (or even Keats's) poorer poems, or the experimental trivialities of much poetry being published in our own time. Many who are adults today had such an experience when young. It is especially easy to have, along with the tendency to read poetry by the prose standard. The love of good poetry is in most readers, because good poetry is simply an intense expression of feeling about life, and an insight into its pageantry, its pain, its laughter. If poetry readers find the perfect fun of Austin Dobson, the gusto of Kipling, the magic of Coleridge or Poe, the clear beauty of Keats, the universality of Shakespeare, they would have no experience of being baffled and bored and exhausted.

It was our recognition that such experiences abounded, yet were unnecessary, that prompted the writing of "The Winged Horse."[1] We felt sure that the reading of poetry, whether because of less attention by the family or teacher to the problem of the young reader, or because of a confusion of too many books, or because of the confusion of modern life, was not being as sensibly done as it had been and should be. We sought to assist readers into the experience of reading poetry by telling about the significance of poetry as we saw it, and by indicating where the great poetry of yesterday and the promising poetry of today could be found.

Whether or not such a book proves to be a service, there are other books which will greatly help any one who is starting or continuing the adventure of reading poetry. There have

[1] **"The Winged Horse: the Story of Poetry and the Poets" by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. Decorations by Paul Honoré. Doubleday. $3.50.**

This was reviewed at length in The Horn Book for August, 1927.

always been collections of poetry, but the collections now available are especially good. It is a safe and stimulating thing to get into the poetry of particular authors by reading a representative poem or two in a good anthology. Anthologies like the Oxford Book of English Verse gather the best lyrics from the past; others like the modern anthologies of Mr. Untermeyer, Miss Rittenhouse, and Mr. Aiken open the doors to the poetry of today. Finding individual poems in such collections, a reader is likely to get a poet at or near his best. He can go from the few poems of the collection to the more numerous and less dependable poems of the poet's own work. And having got acquainted with a few of the finest things a poet has done, he can more easily try reading a considerable amount of verse by one writer, passing over the many poorer poems that all poets write, to select from an entire volume the relatively few poems he will want to know fully.

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

To the Horn Book's Hunt Breakfast:

The origin of the story *Siberian Gold* probably goes back to my grandfather, who, in the very early pilgrim days, went out to New Zealand with a family of fifteen.

I was born in that country when roads and bridges, and such things, were scarce, and, consequently, pioneering was in my blood and has led me into many little known and interesting places.

I became a mining engineer and, when I was still a young man, was sent to the Amur River in Eastern Siberia to develop a mining concession. I stayed there eight and a half years and we carried on through the Russo-Japanese war and the famine and revolution which followed.

The book, which is written in collaboration with my wife, Winifred Harper, is not the story of our own experiences, though one or two of the incidents related did actually happen to me. It is essentially a story of the Russian peasant on the great waterway, whose ancestors were planted there by Catherine the Great to hold the frontier against the marauding Hun-Houza. The peasants are a primitive people, amongst whom I lived, and with whom I worked and fought and starved, and learned to understand and love.

Some of the characters—Father Anthony, Kubrik (pronounce Koobrik), Peter, Zahar—are substantially drawn from life; some of the places—Gorbitza, Stretinsk, Chita—are actually on the map. The rest of the characters and places are worked into the story to give an authentic picture of the people on the river and the manner in which

they live. Also the problems that a "foreigner" must encounter who goes amongst them.

Next year, if my plans mature, there will be another book dealing with the famine and revolution of 1906, with my old friend, Kubrik the outlaw, as the central figure.

Good hunting! THEODORE ACLAND HARPER.

October 11, 1927,
Portland, Oregon.

LOUISE CONNOLLY. ***Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family***
Macmillan $2.00

This book came into existence because its publisher haunts museums. "Haunting" the extraordinary Chinese and Tibetan exhibits given while Newark's Museum was still part of its library, I listened to that unsurpassed "docenting" of Miss Connolly. It was so very good, partly because those exhibits, planned with her help, were so good, — for long she had vigorously built up a department of visual education in the library; and partly because for years she had talked to groups of people of every class, on a wide range of subjects. She knew how to reduce any subject to its elements and how to relate it to the homely parallels of everyday life. She never managed the book about China. But one day she walked into the office with some manuscript in her big black bag: "Can't sleep much now that I'm getting old," she said, "so I wake up at four o'clock and write. Listen to it!" It was "the story of a smaht chile," the little girl she used to be, in Washington sixty-four years ago. It has all of her humor, her wisdom in the ways of people, her sense of justice in childish relations, her love of the colorful in life. Completed it makes a book for the whole family, not just for the little girl Blanche's own age.

It is a rare memorial for one to leave whose record of public life is so full of weighty achievement. Up to 1906, Miss Connolly was one of the general supervisors of the Newark public schools; then she became supervising principal of the Summit, New Jersey, public schools; then she was secretary of the Moving Picture Commission and a member of the original national committee for better films. She toured the south addressing many civic, educational and religious groups on the need for better pictures. In 1912 she became associated with the educational work of the Newark Free Public Library and the Newark Museum under John Cotton Dana. During all this time she wrote text books on geography and language, was an ardent advocate of equal suffrage and contributed to the problems of education, both in writing and speaking. She had the degrees of B.S. and M.S. from George Washington University.

Miss Connolly died this summer on her way to Bailey Island, Maine. I remember her during a dinner we had together, writing headlines to persuade the city of Newark to buy a statue of a cat; I remember her popping out of the back row at one of my lectures with

a wonderful list of the words I used too often; I remember her pride in the great "leather exhibit," and her magnetic way with the groups of shoemakers she led through it; I remember her excitement over the "evolution" cases in the new museum; I remember her impressively bulky figure hurrying about New York, her brown eyes twinkling, her southern voice uttering some biting comment on somebody's stupidity. She should have lived to sit long at ease, in a peaceful place, writing down her comments and memories. Always pushed, both by financial need and by her understanding of the size of the "jobs" to be done, perhaps she never would have taken that ease. She could have enjoyed it as this little new book tells, for she was this "smart child," who even at six and seven, was over eager for all of life that could be packed into one day.

LOUISE H. SEAMAN.

DOROTHY ROWE. ***The Moon's Birthday*** **Macmillan $2.00**

When I was eight years old I had lived in China eight years and a day came when Father spoke of taking me with him to America for a year's vacation. I was to go to my own country which I did not know at all, and Father told me of streets incredibly wide and houses so high they would make our house which the Chinese called "The Tower" look very small.

Amah and I went for a walk that day and she had to hear all about America. She listened carefully and believed, as I did, because Father had said. She was a little jealous because this adventure I was so eager to make meant that she and I, who had lived together all my little life, were to be separated, so she sought for a way to bind me more closely to her that I might not forget. She led me down a long quiet street, and turning a corner, brought me to the street bazaar that blazed with the toys and lanterns of that holiday. Above our heads, swinging out over the street, and at our feet, on low boxes or on their own comic wheels, were New Year lanterns.

"O, Amah, look, the lanterns! Ducks and flowers and even a rabbit," I cried. Amah, loving and wise and yearning a little, spoke softly, putting into my mind a thought it had never known before. She said, "And in America are there New Year lanterns to be bought on the corners of those wide, wide streets among those tall, tall buildings?"

I did not know. I was afraid there might not be and so I knew for the first time that loneliness for China that is always with me when I am away from her. We bought a Rabbit Lantern, all fuzzy white, with great red eyes and a tail that danced on a hidden spring. I carried him home and planned that I should take him with me to America in case there were no lanterns like him over there.

I did not take him. Not even in the hat trunk was there room for a rabbit lantern that was rather battered by June. But he found a place in my heart where he stayed for a long, long time until one day he came from my heart into a book, "The Rabbit Lantern," and was

happy to be among the stories of those far-off days where he belonged.

Now the lanterns of another merry day in China, the birthday of the wise, old moon, have been taken from my memory and put in a book, "The Moon's Birthday." I would be happy if each story might live as brightly in the hearts of those who read them as the lanterns that little children carry so carefully to put on the Great Northern Sea as presents for the moon.

DOROTHY ROWE.

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT. ***Canute Whistlewinks.***
Longmans $2.50

Finland, "the best beloved child of the Baltic," the "land of ten thousand lakes," where the summer sun brightens the night and the Aurora dances across the winter sky—Finland draws one's imagination. But when one knows that among those ten thousand lakes live some of the most lovable children of the whole world, Finland draws one's heart.

After reading Dr. Foss's charming translations of Topelius' Finnish tales for children, I could not forget them. They drew and drew till I had to make a selection—with Dr. Foss's permission, of course—and edit them for our English and American children.

And such delightful, fanciful stories they are: of trolls, fairies, magic animals, and reindeer; of the Midnight Sun, snowy mountains and frost giants; of the wizards and magic of Lapland. They tell of Sampo Lappelill Sugar-Sweet and his reindeer with golden horns; of lovely Unda Marina, the Sea King's Daughter; of Princess Adalmina's wondrous pearl; and of Canute Whistlewinks himself, who "had nothing to eat but hot bar-iron, and frozen quicksilver, and a dewdrop, and a mosquito leg, and seven loads of moss, and a platter of sea foam, and a mountain of pearls."

Prof. Zacharias Topelius is Finland's most famous modern author. He died in 1898, leaving a rich contribution to Finnish literature, of poems, novels, plays, and travels. But it is his work for children which has placed him forever beside the Brothers Grimm, Perrault, and Hans Andersen. His tales have been translated into many languages.

He wrote in Swedish, since that is the tongue of a large part of Finland's folk. But he was a true Finn at heart. "Happy is the land," he wrote, "which lulls in its bosom the waves of a thousand lakes, and stretches a shore of nine hundred miles toward the Sea."

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT.

MAY JUSTUS. ***Peter Pocket*** **Doubleday $1.50**

And do you like Peter Pocket — really and truly? But I am not so modestly surprised as I ought to be, for to tell you even half the truth, I fairly adore Peter Pocket myself!

Somebody is always writing and asking: "Is there a *real* Peter Pocket?" Is there? Yes, to be sure, as real as is the poetry he sings,

as real as the fire on old Granny Messer's cabin hearth. Everything in Peter Pocket is real. Who should know better than I who am a child of the mountains? For years and years I have taught the mountain children. It is these children for whom I have written my stories, my poetry, my songs. Near my wee brown house stands the Singing Pine, and under it we sometimes sit and have our lessons. And on other days we go out on long walks to lovely places like Sunset Rock for our suppers, or tramp away down the valley to Wonder Cave.

Peter Pocket, I tell you again, is real. And the reason I know he is is because I have lived with and loved ever so many children who are almost, if not quite, as dear as he.

MAY JUSTUS.

KATHERINE GIBSON. ***The Golden Bird*** **Macmillan $2.50**

The Golden Bird was done with the help of some hundreds of children: Russians, Italians, Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, and Americans who come from many parts of the city for "The Museum Hour for Girls and Boys" in The Cleveland Museum of Art. Often this hour is spent in story-telling. The stories always have some connection with a part of the Museum. Not much was said about this; the children knew. If the story was Egyptian, they went to the Egyptian room afterwards and looked about; if the story was Greek or Chinese, they walked through these Galleries — quite in their own way.

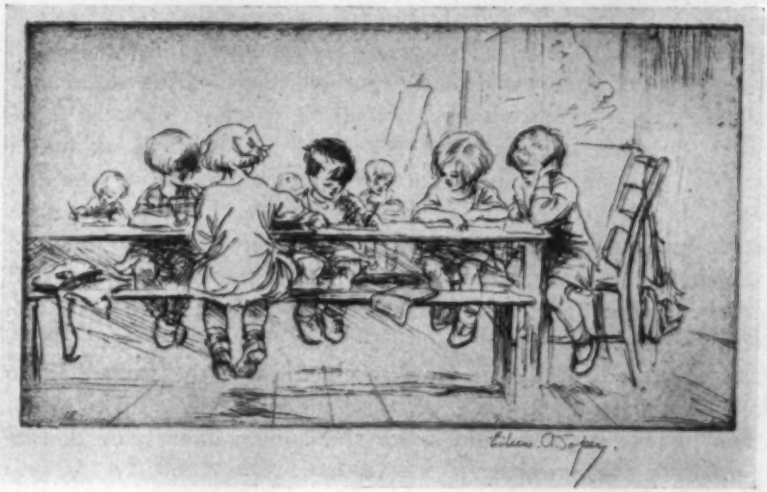
No one can tell stories without good listeners. That is why *The Golden Bird* seems partly the work of children. I have had wonderful listeners.

When after many tries the folk tales in *The Golden Bird* were put down on paper, the typewritten pages were sent to several groups of children who were good enough to write what they thought of the stories. They did not know I would ever see what they had written. (Children are so polite they might not have felt free to speak had they known.) Of one story a little girl wrote: "I would like this better if it were made shorter by not using so many words." I had felt that way many times about other people's stories, so I discarded the too-long tale and chose another. When I thought I had a pretty clear idea of what the children liked best I began the difficult task of putting the book into a form as nearly worthy as I could, but only then. I hope that the girls and boys in other cities who read *The Golden Bird* will feel as if it were written with children for children in the way that I do.

KATHERINE GIBSON.

For further notice of "Siberian Gold," "Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family," "Canute Whistlewinks," "The Moon's Birthday," see pages 9 to 21.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST
TO
SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS



CAVE MEN OF THE DORDOGNE

By Mabel M. Barker

WHERE the Vézère and its tributaries join the Dordogne at the western margin of the Massif Central, and east of the old Roman city of Perigueux, these rivers have cut deep gorges into a limestone plateau, forming cliffs hundreds of feet high. Great floods (probably post-glacial ones) and the slow and still continuing action of frost and vegetation, and other forces imperfectly known, have so undercut these cliffs that they overhang forty or fifty feet, and even more in places. The result is fantastic, and the region would be of interest from a purely geographical standpoint alone, for it presents intensively all the phenomena of a limestone district. Here are to be found subterranean drainage, solution erosion, strange stalactitic caverns, penetrating far into the hills; dry river beds, petrifying streams, long, narrow passages awaiting further exploration, and waters that appear and vanish mysteriously. Add to this a rich fauna and flora, and an abundance of historic châteaux crowning the cliffs or sheltering under them, and you have a region of exceptional interest, were all its claims now specified. But the students who put in a brief week at Les Eyzies or Domme have all too little time to give to these things, for the human interest of the region is so overpowering.

Under these great overhangs mankind has lived ever since the cooling climate which heralded the on-coming of the last glacial period forced him to give up living in the open, let us say as an approximation, and without wishing to commit ourselves irrevocably to any system of reckoning, about 100,000 years ago. Fortunately for us, the cave-folk did not always tidy up their rubbish. They lost their tools and ornaments in the *débris* on the floor; they piled up their refuse in middens in quite modern fashion; they did not clear away the ashes of their fires; and we must remember that their principal material for tool-making—flint—is practically imperishable. If all the shavings in our carpenters' shops, and all the metal turnings, too, were indestructible, there would be fine piles for our descendants to hunt among in some thousands of years from now.

The region must have been an attractive one to live in; it is so still. Its inhabitants are still more or less troglodytes, how far so being only a question of degree. There are plenty of houses in the villages whose roofs and back walls are of solid rock, whose back room even is a cave, on which no drop of rain has ever fallen; and there are some which are entirely caves, with only a front wall built up. Primitive man must have done just about as much building as that to keep the animals from interfering with his domestic affairs at night! This type is not often inhabited now, but there are plenty of people alive who were born in such "houses." Such a region must have been a coveted one to the Palæolithic races, a kind of prehistoric capital, and it was well peopled apparently, right through Palæolithic times. Moreover the very conditions that made it so good to live in, have preserved in an amazing manner the records of that habitation. Many of the rock-shelters cannot be explored for the reasons just given above, namely, *Homo sapiens* is still in occupation! But there is an incredible quantity of material, visible, and awaiting further excavation.

In long-abandoned dry caves, undisturbed through the ages, protected, maybe, by the formation of stalactite or even of quaternary rocks, occasionally by a roof fall, are to be found deposits from which can be read with surprising clearness the story of mankind throughout the ages. Here are bones, and the ashes of the fires that cooked them—ashes dead for thousands of years, yet glowing again for us; earth coloured by their habits of life; pigments, and the palettes on which they were ground; lamps and tools and weapons and ornaments, all hardened by the tramp of succeeding generations and the weight of material above them, and the slow and sure settlements of time into compact archæological strata. The succession of "cultures" is not a matter of speculation and conjecture; archæology is no longer a "dry as dust" science; and old Stone Age history is no longer a sealed book, legible only to a few experts like Egyptian hieroglyphs. It is there, preserved visibly, and set out for any intelligent student to read it; the material is excavated with skill and care and knowledge, and the story is being pieced together with a clearness and sureness of touch, yet with a caution and restraint that is admirable.

Early excavation of these priceless records was at first done

carelessly, in an over-eager search for curious museum specimens, and while we are deeply grateful to these pioneers and enthusiasts of sixty years ago, much was then unavoidably spoiled. Now the excavations are made under the direction of an archæologist and a teacher. Monsieur D. Peyrony, for twenty years the village schoolmaster at Les Eyzies, is now the curator of its excellent museum, and of the vaster museum which is the whole region, wisely placed in his care by the Ministry of Arts of France. In each site now excavated a section is left, never to be dug completely away, but kept for demonstration, its strata labelled, and the bones, flints, ashes, and *débris* composing it clear to the view of all who care to look at it.

The earliest cave dwellers whose records may be studied thus were not our ancestors. They were of the Neanderthal race, as were the Acheuleans who preceded them; in fact, the division of this long-ago period of the Palæolithic into Acheulean and Mousterian denotes (says Monsieur Peyrony) a change in their habits of living, consequent upon a change of climate, not a change of race, nor an invasion, nor, indeed, any special progress. They were men and women, knowing the use of fire, of pigments, and the art of shaping flint tools; and there is evidence that they buried their dead carefully and ceremonially —a strange and touching glimpse that of the mentality of these beings: men, and yet not of our species. They had a very long innings, much longer than we have had as yet, it seems, but they died out at last before *Homo sapiens*. Where *he* came from is yet far from clear. Somewhere—we say "Central Asia" to cover the great field unexplored—but somewhere he must have evolved, and grown from the childhood to early manhood of the race before ever he came to Europe. To the Dordogne and Vézère valleys he came as an invader, apparently, and that comparatively recently, perhaps less than 40,000 years ago. The picture too often given to our children of Stone Age man (of time unspecified) as a mere savage, with fighting and killing for his sole occupations, whether the opponents were other men or animals, engaged only in a brutal sort of struggle for life, vanishes into the uncounted thousands of pre-glacial years, giving place to what one can only call the Palæolithic civilisations. Cro-magnon man, of the Aurignacian period, arrived in Europe a craftsman and an artist.

They were a fine race, apparently, taller than the average European of today, and with just as good a brain. The drawings of that period are crude compared with the wonderful level of artistic power reached some 20,000 years later by the Magdalenians; but there seems little doubt but that their art was used in the ritualistic service of their religion. The Magdalenians were the great artists of the Palæolithic times, and perhaps theirs is the most interesting of all the Stone Age "cultures." It is rather startling to find that they were apparently a pacific people (like their modern representatives—one almost writes "descendants"—the Esquimaux). It would seem, then, that the great battle waged for human progress in these "days before history" was not a struggle for existence at all in the crude sense of the term, but a struggle for power of artistic expression!

Anything more recent than the Azilian becomes amusingly modern (especially if one takes the trouble to compare the length of epochs by constructing a time chart, using any accepted scale of ages); and one finds a trace of criticism and doubt creeping into one's admiration for the great progress made by the Neolithics, among whose achievements the occasional use of polished flints recedes into insignificance. They domesticated animals; they invented agriculture; they built villages and lived in them, with pottery, weaving, and dozens of minor arts and crafts going strong. It now seems probable that some of them at least used a script. But their pictorial art was an inferior and decadent affair compared with that of the Magdalenians, and an invention for which, perhaps, we owe them little thanks, seems to be that of waging organised war!

It was then only a comparatively short time—some two or three thousand years perhaps—till the use of metals was discovered, and made the development of all these things more rapid; and it has only taken us some four thousand years more (one speaks always of Western Europe and its children) to bring the discoveries of the Neolithics, including the last named, on to the state of perfection in which we now have them. But knowing this, and knowing henceforth more and more of *how* we have got here, does it not give us hopes of yet finer destinies and discoveries before *Homo sapiens?* Is it not possible that a new impetus, another step forward, may inaugurate a

culture better even than those resulting from the use of metals and the power of waging organised war?

It is becoming more and more customary to teach what we call pre-history to the children in our schools. Still absent from many of them, it yet finds an increasingly important place in the curriculum of many a kindergarten and classroom, and that thanks to the "Recapitulation Theory," a belief that children in their development summarise to some extent the history of the race.

It is true that the embryonic human body passes rapidly along the biological paths followed by its ancestors, and it may be true that the developing mind likewise makes a sort of *précis* of the evolution of mankind towards civilisation. However this may be, our educationalists, under the influence of this idea, have prepared for the use of our children many books about the "Cave Family." There is, to take a good example, the excellent series of Miss Katharine E. Dopp (The Industrial and Social History Series), and there is Stanley Waterloo's "Story of Ab," still a masterpiece of its kind, however out of date its archæology in the light of recent research.

The children love these books, and will read or listen to them with great interest, as I know well by long experience; and if nothing more than this is done, it leaves them at least with the knowledge that there were once people on the earth who did not know the use of metals or agriculture, and who lived chiefly by hunting.

But surely the time has come when we can do better than this; and if the story of human progress is true at all, then the study of its early stages, and the facing up to the very pertinent question of *how* humanity got going on the way of progress in the days before the recent chapter of the story which we commonly know as history, is worthy of more attention than is usually given to it. For what is education if it is not an attempt to help humanity to continue on that way, to go on blazing that uncharted trail? Humanity has apparently evolved through the use of brains and hands together; and one thing about which we may be quite certain is that primitive man did *not* have books. He did not read about the doings of his ancestors, but *went on doing*. Sometimes he must have done the same things over and over again for generations; but sometimes

he made improvements. And surely what children need as an aid to their development is recapitulation *of the experiences and occupations* of primitive humanity. They should follow the activities of their early ancestors, not only in books, but in *work;* the experiences which have been at the root of all human endeavour and progress, and especially, could we but be sure of these, those "spirit-awakening" experiences which have led to the great steps forward in the evolution of civilisation.

It may be argued on the one hand that this is impossible, and on the other that it is already, in great part, being done. Both points of view are tenable, let it be granted. It would be merely a good piece of dramatisation for us to reconstruct the environment of a cave family and let our children live in it. And at what age should such a thing be done? up to what point, and for how long continued? and what about the adults who would have to join them in it? It is practically impossible to set the stage for such a thing in all seriousness; and wasn't the life of the cave-people pretty brutal, too? Obviously, we do not intend to suggest this.

On the other hand it is certainly true that the schoolroom study of children's books on pre-history is frequently accompanied by handwork. Miss Dopp's series is full of suggestions to this end. But are not we teachers too often content to leave it at that? to accept what the books give us, using it without any further personal study or experiment, and without any very clear grasp of why we do it, and what is the real issue? And the result, as already said, is often nothing more, for ourselves and our pupils, than a rather vague and blurred division of human history into the Stone Age, and the rest.

It is possible now for us to go so very much further than that, and to focus up the whole question of Stone Age history in a way that, for me at least, has been a revelation. Let us leave aside for future consideration, perhaps, the deeper question, here merely hinted at, of the significance for education of experiencing the essential occupations, and see what can now be done to attain greater accuracy and vividness in our presentation of pre-history.

If I may take my own case as fairly typical—as I believe it is—one's first vague division of the human story into Stone

Age and the Age of Metals (the latter being, of course, much the more important) was succeeded by dividing the former into the Old and New Stone Ages, supposed to be distinguished by the use in them of rough and polished stone implements respectively. Going a little farther, one became aware that experts talked of subdivisions of the Palæolithic: of Chellean, Solutrean, Magdalenian, and so on. I was interested in a general way in the recapitulation theory, and enjoyed teaching pre-history to children. I used to this end "The Story of Ab," for a long time, and to our great mutual pleasure. But these names remained just *names*—labels on museum cases. I took them to mark differences in the technique of flint-chipping, minute distinctions known to the experts, and I had no time for the study of subtle differences in worked flints (and was glad enough to recognise one at all if I met it in the fields!). And so matters remained, until, at the request of Professor Geddes, I took a party of students to the Dordogne Valley in central France. In a week these things cleared as though by magic, and jumped into a new perspective. The subdivisions of the Palæolithic were no longer mere names for technical differences in stone implements, but became those of great periods in human history, as definite (and vastly greater in time) than, let us say, the Roman or Mediæval periods of our written history.

We teachers have little excuse for our inaccuracy and vagueness in the presentment of early history, or rather, of late Palæolithic history. Need for caution there is indeed, in this as in all things, but that does not mean continued misrepresentation of the facts we *can* attain. We cannot all go to Les Eyzies perhaps, and become the disciples of its learned, simple, and enthusiastic curator; yet many more could go there, surely—all who can go to Europe at all. For the place is not hard to find, and Monsieur Peyrony's enthusiasm and learning seem to be at the disposal of all who seek him with purpose. And now, under the inspiration of Professor Geddes, we are organising vacation courses there every Easter and September, and that at very small cost; and to reach such a place of pilgrimage is worth some sacrifice to any one, but especially so to all teachers in love with their job. "All time has passed over all places"—yes, but not everywhere have Time's footprints sunk so deep into the earth, and hardened before he himself could erase them!

Editor's Note: We first became interested in Miss Barker's work from the report of a friend who saw her "regional survey" teaching at King's Langley Priory School. For the past two years she has been studying and teaching at Montpellier, France. Her own school—Friar Row—opened at Caldbeck, Cumberland, in September. Caldbeck was selected because it was "a village of ancient traditions, deep in the country between the Cumbrian Mountains and the Solway Plain, and affording ample opportunity of exploration and varied occupational experience from hills to sea." "The school aims at giving an 'Education for Life,' and that by means of living as fully, happily, and healthily as may be. Regional study and occupations will be given prominence in the methods employed, for the Principals believe in the value of real experience as the basis of all education, as apart from mere instruction. They aim at the education of 'Head, Hand, and Heart.'" Miss Barker's article was sent to the Horn Book in the early spring, while she was still in the Dordogne.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

Dopp. Industrial and Social History Series
TREE DWELLERS. EARLY CAVE-MEN. LATER CAVE-MEN. EARLY SEA PEOPLE (Rand), each $.90

Waterloo. STORY OF AB (Doubleday), $1.75

PRIMITIVE HEARTHS OF THE PYRENEES[1]

The Story of a Summer's Exploration of the Haunts of Pre-historic Man

MISS BARKER, in the preceding article, urges teachers of pre-history to go to the Pyrenees and see the haunts of Paleolithic man. But if that is impossible, "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees" is a book which will take teachers there by proxy, for the authors, Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat, spent a summer and fall excavating in the Violet Hole in the Plantaurel, "the chain of hills that runs from east to west across the departments of Ariège and Aude." They made their

Jean Marie before the Violet Hole

headquarters in a medieval village high up on the ridge—"Montardit, a walled free town of the ancient province of Couserans"—living with the Jacquelard family, and there through the summer and fall they dug and sifted in the Tuto Biouleto, with the help of Jean-Marie Jacquelard to do the heavy work with pick and shovel.

From Montardit, when digging and sifting palled, they made trips to many of the famous caves and caverns of the Dordogne and the Garonne, as well as to others in the Plantaurel district.

[1] "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees," by Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat. D. Appleton, $3.00.

The little expedition included, in addition to the authors,—one an osteologist, the other, an anthropologist,—the artist-husband of the latter, Paul Vaillant-Couturier, whose drawings illustrate the book. They are scholars and knew their business, but they have succeeded in writing a book so fascinating and entertaining that it would be enjoyed by boys and girls of teen age, and would serve as a fine introduction—might, indeed, prove the stimulating starting point—to serious study of human origins.

For is there adventure more full of magic charm than hunting for caves over steep, wild hillsides and exploring caverns? What, then, can be said of finding and exploring caves where signs are to be seen and discovered of men who lived 50,000 years ago? Then, too, some of the most interesting finds have been made by boys and girls, or at least *a* girl!

In the summer of 1912, according to the authors, Count Bégouen and his three young sons were exploring the subterranean course of the Volf River at Montesquieu-Arantés when they entered the first of the series of galleries that form the cavern of Tuc d'Audoubert. On the rock walls near the entrance they found several animal engravings of the latter Paleolithic Period.

Reindeer engraved on horn from the Mas d'Azil

A few months afterwards Count Bégouen's oldest son, with his younger brother and François, the valet, climbed to an upper gallery to make sketches of the engravings. While one sketched, the other two broke through the stalactites that closed the end of the gallery. When they had made a narrow passage they squeezed through and crawled for rods through a steep corridor, and came at last to the final chamber of the cavern. There they found bison modeled in high relief against a rock—the work of Magdalenian artists fifteen thousand years ago.

It was a little boy of the neighborhood who found the cave "Grotte de David," hidden away in the hills of Lot, a cave where are wall decorations whose variety and beauty make the cave of David now one of the foremost of the great painted caves.

Indeed, we are well prepared for the young English girl

whose mother sat sewing in the inn at Cabrerets, where our Expedition spent the night after their visit to the cave of David.

"If you are interested in caves, my daughter will be delighted to see you. She is a great devotee of pre-history. For the past two summers she has been doing considerable digging by herself here and there in the district. . . . Her most interesting discovery was an engraved stone. . . ."

There was a sound of steps in the hall.

"Is that you, Dorothy? . . . Would you bring down the photograph of the engraved pebble you found at Marcenac? . . ."

IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOT

We heard the sound of light feet running down the old wooden stairs of the inn, and our fellow archeologist stepped into the ring of lamplight.

She was a very young archeologist indeed, not over ten years old, with a fluff of yellow hair and a pair of grave blue eyes in a sensitive child face. She held out an enlarged photograph of the incised stone.

"You must look carefully," she explained. "The lines are very faint. But if you examine it closely, you will see a woman like the ones on the ceiling of David's cave. . . . It is Aurignacian."

. . . Not one of us felt tempted to smile at the archeologist term on the lips of the little English girl. For as we watched her, bent, flushed, and serious over her discovery, like young science scrutinizing the age-old problem of man's history, it flashed across our minds that this little colleague of ours, far from being twenty years behind us, had in reality the advantage of twenty years to come, in a science still so young as to belong almost entirely to the future.

The book has many pre-historic thrills, too many, indeed, to touch upon in a review, and ends with the wonderful find for the authors, which repaid the patient efforts of months and which must not be divulged in a review. Two episodes which seem specially thrilling but which the authors would perhaps consider of minor importance occurred; one in the Mas d'Azil, the other in the Red Grotto of Cabrerets:—The visit to the Mas d'Azil was drawing to a close. The artist had discovered an unexplored hearth under some stones and there the white-powdered outline of reindeer antlers, and something better —a tapering javelin of reindeer horn, very old Magdalenian in form; but best of all, "a sea shell, a little conch, brought from the distant Mediterranean to deck some warrior's breast or hang about a young girl's throat *fifteen thousand years ago.*"

And at the Red Grotto of Cabrerets, the cave of David, "In a remote gallery of the cavern, at the entrance of a dark passage which plunged abruptly down into deeper shadow . . . were footprints—two slender and delicately modeled, and three others, miniature copies of the first. A woman had stood there, peering into the dark opening of the descending passage, with a little child standing before her, pressing close against her knees. The soft clay floor had kept the imprint, and the centuries had translated into stone the gesture of a frightened child—twenty thousand years ago."

Painted Mammoth, Cave of David

With Miss Sawtell and Miss Treat the lay person enters freely into the realms of pre-history. Even the names for the different periods of the Old Stone Age—Chellean, Acheulean, Mousterian, Aurignacian, Solutrean, Magdalenian, Azilian—no

longer seem formidable when one has been introduced to the type stations from which the names have been taken, and has visited many of the temples or hearths where signs of the men of the different epochs are to be seen.

Each cave visit has fresh interest for the reader because of the authors' sensitiveness to the beauty of the environment and to human contacts, as well as their power to bring out all the historical significance of the special cavern described. The young priest of Cabrerets, so thorough a pre-historian, so indefatigable in his excavating and recording and so wise in his plans for protecting the rich frescoes of the Grotte de David; the forester of Niaux, the pre-historical blacksmith of the Maz d'Azil; the schoolmaster of Montespan; and the budding archæologist in Jean-Marie—all are interesting real people who remain in the mind of the reader long after the book is finished.

B. E. M.

Magdalenian engraving of a herd of reindeer. Engraved on the wing bone of an eagle. From the Grotte de la Mairie, Dordogne.

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